The Independent.

"But as we were allowed of God to be put in Trust with the Gospel, even so we speak, not as pleasing Men but God, which trieth our Hearts."

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The Independent.

A MEMORIAL.

M. A. C.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

O thicker, deeper, darker growing,
The solemn vista to the tomb
Must know henceforth another shadow,
And give another cypress room.

In love surpassing that of brothers,
We walked, O friend, from childhood's day;
And looking back o'er fifty summers,
Our foot-prints track a common way.

One in our faith, and one our longing
To make the world within our reach
Somewhat the better for our living,
And gladder for our human speech.

Thou heardst with me the far-off voices,
The old beguiling song of fame,
But life to thee was warm and present,
And love was better than a name.

To homely joys and loves and friendships
Thy genial nature fondly clung;
And so the shadow on thy dial
Ran back and left thee always young.

And who could blame the generous weakness
Which, only to thyself unjust,
So overprized the worth of others,
And dwarfed thy own with self distrust?

All hearts grew warmer in the presence
Of one who, seeking not his own,
Gave freely for the love of giving,
Nor reaped for self the harvest sown.

Thy greeting smile was pledge and prelude
Of generous deeds and kindly words;
In thy large heart were fair guest-chambers,
Open to sunrise and the birds!

The task was thine to mold and fashion
Life's plastic newness into grace;
To make the boyish heart heroic,
And light with thought the maiden's face.

O'er all the land, in town and prairie,
With bended heads of mourning, stand
The living forms that owe their beauty
And fitness to thy shaping hand.

Thy call has come in ripened manhood,
The noonday calm of heart and mind,
While I, who dreamed of thy remaining
To mourn me, linger still behind:

Live on, to own, with self-upbraiding,
A debt of love still due from me,—
The vain remembrance of occasions,
For ever lost, of serving thee.

It was not mine among thy kindred
To join the silent funeral prayers,
But all that long sad day of summer
My tears of mourning dropped with theirs.

All day the sea-waves sobbed with sorrow,
The birds forgot their merry trills,
All day I heard the pines lamenting
With thine upon thy homestead hills.

Green be those hillside pines for ever,
And green the meadowy lowlands be,
And green the old memorial beeches,
Name-carven, in the woods of Lee!

Still let them greet thy life companions
Who thither turn their pilgrim feet,
In every mossy line recalling
A tender memory sadly sweet.

O friend! if thought and sense avail not
To know thee henceforth as thou art,
That all is well with thee for ever
I trust the instincts of my heart.

Thine be the quiet habitations,
Thine the green pastures, blossom sown,
And smiles of saintly recognition
As sweet and tender as thy own.

Thou com'st not from the hush and shadow
To meet us, but to thee we come;
With thee we never can be strangers,
And where thou art must still be home!

LETTERS FROM MR. BEECHER.

NO. IV.

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

My Dear Friends in the Office:

I shall never forget the hours which I spent at *Winchester*. I knew in general that it was a place of historic interest, and that a cathedral was there, to see which, on my way to Southampton and Havre, I stopped over a day. But I had no preconceptions, no large expectations, and the pleasure was all the finer that it was a surprise. The day was one of the perfect ones. The heaven was deep. The particular composition of the atmosphere determines the quality of sunlight. Sometimes sunlight seems thin and brilliant. Sometimes it seems cold and even heavy, like molten silver. At other times it is full of golden color—tremulous, sympathetic, as if it were from the spirit-world, and came to you surcharged with its feelings, and was a medium of communication between you and the other world. This was the afternoon sun that filled the little valley in which Winchester lies, on the afternoon of the day when we visited it. There were no clouds. The day was on the decline, the whole air was sweet and tranquil, and the glory of God enlightened the whole earth.

Ordering a dinner at the inn, we strolled forth to see the Cathedral—whatever it might prove to be. Turning from the main street, and passing through a narrow way, we emerged upon the grounds in which the pile stood. The path led to an avenue of elms, tall, not wide-topped, close together, full of sunlight in their tops, and with openings through which fell down beams and globes of sunlight. At the far end glimmered the uncertain front of the cathedral, mostly leaf-hidden The front has been restored, and seems fresh and new. It has neither spire nor corner tower. There is a large *central* tower, but it is carried up from the roof such a little way, that it produces no adequate effect, and must be studied from some favorable point to be at all appreciated. The stone within was brought from the Isle of Wight, and is similar to the famous *Caen* stone from France, of a delicate straw color. That in the eastern part of the cathedral is almost white. Thus, as I entered and stood in the west end of the nave, the long avenue opened before me and flowed on, growing whiter and more radiant, for more than five hundred feet! The columns of the nave, nearly five hundred years old, were neither soiled nor worn. They seem as fresh as if the workman finished them but yesterday. The pleasure of York Minster, of Westminster, and, generally, of old cathedrals, is marred by the dirtiness of the parts, and the waste and mutilation suffered. But here everything is clean, sharp-edged, and perfect, though half a thousand years have passed since it was tooled! Far in the eastern end glows a window full of color, a star in the east, whose light had been divided by a prism, and came to us full of color. The transepts of this wonderful cathedral are *Saxon*, and are between eight and nine hundred years old! Here, for the first time, I saw how majestic the Saxon architecture might be made. Though any single section seemed heavy from its massiveness, yet the series of arches, rising one upon another, produced at length lightness and grace, yet never so as to lose the predominant spirit of grandeur. In this one cathedral, built and rebuilt, from the very beginning of the Christian era, may be found perfect specimens of Saxon, Norman, and English architecture, from the very beginning, through all the gradations of Gothic architecture, to its highest and most perfect type; and yet, as it were by a noble taste and sympathy of successive architects, through several hundred years, the whole is so harmonious that one can scarcely wish a single feature changed. No language can overpraise the exquisite stone carving which abounds in this wonderful structure. The chantries of Fox, of Beaufort, of Gardner, of Wayneflete, are superlatively beautiful. I had seen such work in *stucco*, and I could hardly realize that this hard and unplastic stone could be wrought by a chisel into forms more fine, complex, and exquisite than those fashioned from plastic clay. The leaves, ferns, roses, geometric figures, that covered and abounded upon these chantries, were yet so harmonized as to leave no impression of gaudiness. They were quite consistent with the place and the solemnities of these sepulchers. But I was most struck with the cornicing of the *Reredos*, or the screen between the choir and the eastern end of the cathedral. It can be compared to nothing but those exquisite crystals that shoot out their needles when the surface of water first begins to freeze. I could not believe that this was carved stone. As it glittered in the light that poured from the afternoon sun through the cathedral, it seemed more like the tracery of an ingenious pencil—like the etchings on the window, in northern windows, when the sun first rises on them in the morning; and I almost feared when a slant beam glittered upon them, that I should see the parts dissolve and pass away!

How strange to stretch my hand through eight hundred years, to *live*, with a strange duality, then and now—to unite in a common and present consciousness the sober enthusiasms of ecclesiastical architects with the glow of modern estheticism! Wide apart by centuries, differing in manners and customs, opposite in notions of politics, at an antithesis in religion, how, yet, did I feel oneness with these men who builded here, who prayed in these chantries, who did penance in their recesses, who carried for solemn truths that which long since the world has set aside as fiction, who flagellated themselves for what we esteem virtues, and prayed with tears and strong cries against those things for which, daily, their successors thank God! Yet, I honored them! I was in sympathy with them. I felt that beyond and behind all these special manifestations there was a great humanity, in which I was related to them, and they to me!

I could not realize that centuries had moved through these arches; that these exquisite carvings and marvelous tracery were more venerable than the crumbling ruins in other places, whose decay impresses you with a disproportioned sense of their antiquity.

Our guide was the librarian, and he was intelligent and well-informed, and above all an enthusiast. Step by step we moved on, more and more through our senses released from the thrall of the senses. For our mind and soul seemed radiantly projected from the body, and leading it along from above, rather than dwelling in it. The organist was preparing for the morrow's service, and like one who plays alone, he communed at will with one and another theme, following the drawings of his taste and feelings. And so—with the western sun gushing in through plain windows in long heavy casements, and through the vast western window in gorgeous color, filling the whole interior with strange effects of light and shade, of direct and of reflected light, and, in parts, with radiance of whiteness most wonderful to behold—we moved on, from chapel to shrine, and from tomb to chantry, from window to window, from nave and choir to the transepts, and thence to the great crypt, that seemed a fit haunt of giants. I was as much impressed with this subterranean portion as any other. These vast stone circles and arches, these massive columns and prodigious walls, how simple and grand they stand, silently bearing the weight and burden of the tremendous structure above, through ages, unchangeable, and unconscious of their load! Some such men there are in every generation, hidden from sight, on whose ponderous strength others stand and shine, while *they* bear up in dark solitude the vast structure of society!

Winchester was the old British and Saxon capital of England. On no other place in this land does time run back so far, bearing such historic memories. This was the city of Arthur, of Alfred, of Canute, of William the Conqueror. The ground on which this cathedral stands has been in use for religious worship, Druidic, Roman, and Christian, for more than twenty-five hundred years! Built and rebuilt, temple and cathedral have held this spot as long back as there is a gleam of history. What is the sepulchral treasure of Westminster Abbey compared with Winchester? Westminster is but a sepulcher of *parvenus*. Here at Winchester are the bones of the Saxon kings, of the Danish kings, of the early Anglo-Saxon heroes. How strange for an American to stand and read such inscriptions as this: "In this chest, and in that opposite to it, on the other side, are the remains of Canute and of Rufus, kings; of Emma, queen; and of Wina and Alwin, bishops."

Here is Edmund, eldest son of King Alfred, of King Edrid, of Richard, son of William the Conqueror. Here, too, sleep five of the architects who through centuries reared this noble cathedral. Their life was given to this structure which now piously guards their dust. Not to any noble nature is it permitted to throw all his work around him for a perpetual monument. And as we walked in the transfiguring light that still streamed through the colored windows, the organ went sounding on, filling every recess of this vast pile with gentle, solemn sound, as if the spirits of all the holy men that sleep here, at eventide, were chanting a holy hymn of praise to God!

When Cromwell's soldiers held this city and quartered their horses in this cathedral, they broke most of the painted windows. Afterwards these fragments of glass were gathered up, and now the great western window is composed of these luminous scraps, not in any order of figure, but only for effect of color. And as I gazed upon this great window, made up of broken fragments, holy women, saints, and angels—now utterly lost by the hand of violence—it came to me, almost with tears, that this window was unconsciously the truest, saddest, grandest symbol of all in this mighty congregation of symbols. For us, out of the former perfect things, only this waste and wilderness of color remains; so, for the most part, are the religious systems of Christendom. Not full and perfect truths, in glorious harmony, through which God's Spirit streams with divine illumination, but made up of fragments and scraps, bearing something of the color and beauty of perfect heavenly things, but nothing of their form and proportion. And as I walked slowly out, I almost heard it breathed into my ear, "Now we see through a glass dimly; but then, erelong—face to face: now we know in *part* and fragment, but then, we shall know as are we known!"

Shall I give you, in another letter, some of my experiences in the religious services of cathedrals?

AN EVENING ON LAKE GEORGE.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

Fort William Henry Hotel,
July 22, 1863.

As a body that is overfed is not in the best condition for exercise, so an eye and a mind that are overfed with beauty are not in the best mood for description. But before I retire, let me attempt a hurried resumé of the last twelve hours—during which my sense of beauty has been regaled after the fashion of that prodigal nabob who gave his guests only the sunny halves of the peaches, and only one sparkling glass out of each bottle of the grape. A day of rare enjoyment is closing to the soft music of a band now playing in yonder drawing-room; the moonlight is streaming over the bosom of yonder sleeping lake; the little Minnehaha is lashed up to the miniature pier; and away toward Diamond Island a solitary row-boat is floating dimly through the distance, perhaps bearing a pair of reluctant lovers homeward. God has been overgood to me to-day, and fed me with visions of beauty that will be a "joy for ever."

We began our day—a cheerful party of five—at the Saratoga Railway Station. Three hours of rather monotonous car-travel brought us to the narrow tongue of water which forms the head of Lake Champlain. Here lies the steamer *Canada* waiting for us. What is the indescribable charm about these Champlain steamers? Is it the tidiness of the boats; or their easy gliding motion; or their freedom from crowd; or their delightful dinners of salmon and trout, or all combined?

At half-past one we land at Fort Ticonderoga, and climbing up a plank-way we set off for the ruins of "Old Ti." A quiet lonely spot is it now—with a stack of crumbling walls overlooking the lake, and grass growing rank on the intrenchments which French hands threw up one hundred years ago. When these stones were piled, Louis XV. was reveling at Versailles, the great Frederic was fighting Austria on the plains of Silesia, and Lord Chatham was thundering in the British House of Commons. Franklin was setting types in a printing-room, and the youthful Washington was practicing horsemanship on the banks of the Potomac.

We explore the ruins. We creep down into the subterranean ovens where successive garrisons of Frenchmen, Britishers, and Yankees baked their bread. We enter the fragment of the door, before which Ethan Allen made the memorable demand, "I summon this garrison to surrender in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." We look up at Mount Defiance, where Burgoyne planted his guns in 1777, and compelled the re-surrender of the fortress. All this region rang for twenty years with border warfare; more battles were fought within forty miles of this spot than on any other equal portion of American soil, (save in Eastern Virginia,) and among them was *Saratoga*, one of the "fifteen decisive battles of the world."

At the Pavilion Hotel we found an accommodating stageman, who gave our party a wagon to ourselves and his brown-faced boy for a driver. We rode over the scene of Abercrombie's defeat and Lord Howe's bloody death, over hill and dale, and past a fine brawling waterfall, until at four o'clock we caught our first glimpse of Lake George. Why is this peerless gem of American lakes afflicted with the name of that stupid Hanoverian mass of beef and beer, King George? The Indians called it *Horicon*, or the *silvery waters*; the French called it Lac Sacrament, or the Holy Water; we retain the only ugly appellation of the three. It is 36 miles long, and contains 350 islands.

The little Minnehaha is waiting for us with steam up—as graceful a craft as Ellen's shallop on Loch Katrine. The captain is not ready to start until one hundred solid mountaineers come across from Ticonderoga who have been over to answer to the draft. Presently they come up—a crowd of jolly, loyal fellows; for up in this region of old John Brown, Copperheads are much scarcer than rattlesnakes. The whistle resounds from the hills where the Indian war-whoop once rung. We are off. Look down a moment into the water; it is so transparent that a dollar could be seen at a depth of twenty feet. The blue tint is of a lighter shade than the lakes of Switzerland. We first pass *Rogers' Slide*, where Major Rogers *didn't* come down at the risk of his "inexpressibles," though his Indian pursuers imagined so when they saw him making across the lake on the ice. On the opposite side every gale *blows* "Anthony's Nose."

An hour brings us to Sabbath-Day Point. Here Abercrombie halted his army of sixteen thousand men for rest on a Sabbath morning in 1758. This summer afternoon it thrusts its armful of waving green out into the crystal waters.

The mountains grow bolder as we advance. When we come opposite to Buck Mountain, the steersman sounds the whistle to let us hear Black Mountain send back the echo from his giant throat. In a half-hour we reach the *Narrows*, where a score of islands lie so close on the bosom of the lake that the Great Eastern could not pass between them. Some of these are groups of firs and cedars; others are mere jewels of rock on Horicon's breast set with mosses of emerald. Behind us lie these clusters of islands now. Dome Island lifts its crown above the glassy wave. The white cottages of *Bolton* are just ahead; and as the setting sun goes down behind Pinnacle Mountain, his last rays clothe the opposite peaks with gold, and dye the placid waters in hues of violet. This is the most exquisite portion of the lake; and at such an hour of crimson sunset it is the most enchanting waterscape, perhaps, on this side of the Atlantic. Lake Lucerne is more sublime amid its retinue of ice-clad Alps. The shores of Windermere and of Killarney have a goodlier green; but it would seem as if the divine ideal of earthly *beauty* was reached when his Almighty hand grouped these Arcadian isles amid these crystal waters. Was it an irreverent thought that, as I gazed over the matchless scene in the still hour of gloaming, I dreamed that it was like unto those crystal waters which John saw before the throne of God and of the Lamb?

But alas! a few moments closed the vision. Our impatient boat hurries us onward. Dome Island disappears. Pinnacle Mountain grows dim in the twilight. The "Fort William Henry" heaves in sight, spanning almost the whole end of the lake. A white puff of smoke belches forth from the bank in front of the hotel; the signal-gun reverberates among the hills, and amid these salvos of small artillery and the martial airs of a fine band, we round-to grandly at the wharf. The day's delightful scenes are pleasantly discussed over a supper of white-fish; and now, grateful and weary, I catch my last glimpse of the sleeping waters by the setting moon, and bid Lake George *good-night*.

GOD'S SILENCE.

Ere ever the earth was, or angels heard
The spheres revolve in new-born harmony,
No seraph utterance, nor interchange
Of human speech, nor the Creator's word,
Broke the dread quiet of eternity;
And there were none to think that silence strange.

But after that first luminous word, that cleft
The primal darkness with a sword of day,
And since the morning stars sung symphonies
Whereof sweet echoes linger, nor bereft
Is earth of heavenly sounds about her way,—
How strange God's everlasting silence is!

We hear the surging of the maddened sea,
The overfloodings of abhorred wrong;
Our best beloveds their best blood have poured
For the attainment of far victory;
And when, with burdened heart, we cry "How long?"
The heavens are dumb; He answers not a word!

If still His skies do keep their strange grand calm,
If He, the Just and True, can thus endure
The treason on his footstool, waiting on
Till his hour strike, this silence is a psalm
Most dear to listening souls, and proveth sure
The fixedness of His eternal throne.

Therefore, when wild confusions o'er us sweep,
When the world seems to wander as a blind
Forgotten thing, and Evil waxeth strong,
Let us sit down by that unfathomed deep,
The patience of our God, and we shall find
His silence sweeter than all human song.

ALBANY. E. S. O.

MRS. KEMBLE'S EXPERIENCE.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

Though *The Independent* has already borne its testimony to the merits of Mrs. Frances Ann Kemble's "*Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation in* 1838–9," I crave the privilege of saying some further words as to the peculiar excellences and especial utility of this remarkable work. How Slavery appears to average slaveholders and to their White dependents and beneficiaries—clerical, mercantile, legal, and other—intelligent readers already know. The view taken of it by slaves, and by just, humane, intelligent persons who have studied "the institution" in its practical workings, and who dare not disobey the apostolic injunction to "Remember those in bonds as bound with them," is also familiar to enlightened minds. The Misses Grimkés, many years since, and Miss Mattie Griffith more recently, have given us the impression made by it on the understandings and sensibilities of pure-minded women who grew up in its shade and were early made acquainted with its fathomless iniquities. But Mrs. Kemble's is the first narrative of its class which has arrested my attention. A large-minded, energetic, cultivated, fearless, conscientious Englishwoman marries in a Northern city a man of wealth and social distinction who owns large plantations in the South, and in whose company, some years afterward, she resides for several months with her two infant daughters on one and then another of those plantations. During that residence, she writes frequent and circumstantial letters to an intimate female friend at the North, detailing her daily experiences in her novel and trying position, including the complaints and petitions from her husband's chattels, but especially from the slave-women, which are poured into her sympathizing ears; her efforts to soften the harsher features of "the system," and to replace hopeless suffering and life-long habits of uncleanliness, moral degradation, and mental stupor by some degree of comfort, tidiness, and all that is essential to self-respect. Never was a difficult task essayed with more buoyant energy, and never was failure more signal and complete.

The most essential conviction forced upon the candid mind by this Journal is that of the utter and inevitable repugnance of Slavery to all schemes or devices for its own melioration. "The system" is susceptible of *no* material improvement that stops short of its absolute destruction. Here was the able, honored, indefatigable wife of a great and rich planter, whose conscience and whose humanity admonished her that she ought to do her very utmost to render tolerable the condition of the humble, hopeless, benighted human beings by whose enforced labor she and hers were supplied with every comfort and luxury. If they are to have no wages, no education, no liberty, no hope of an improvement in their mortal condition, surely they ought to be supplied with the means of a decent animal subsistence, and shielded from those sufferings and woes which a few dollars will avert. In fact, most people today believe that slaves are actually thus cared for—that their physical needs are amply satisfied—that they are carefully ministered to in sickness—and that, when past labor on the plantation, their old age is rendered tranquil and happy by the enjoyment of rude plenty and the affectionate ministrations of their progeny. Alas! the sad reality is widely different from this!

For, since Profit always was and always will be the sole incitement to slaveholding, (no matter what pretenses may be set up by those who would fain deceive God while they serve the devil,) the slave who has ceased to be profitable has become a burden and a nuisance, who must be subsisted at the smallest cost, and for the shortest time. He cannot be killed; he must not be allowed absolutely to starve; but his living must cost very little, and his death is felt as a relief. The small planter, who has but two or three negroes, or at most eight or ten, may know them all intimately, and feel toward them as the owner of a long serviceable horse does toward its worn-out yet living relic; but the owner of six or eight hundred negroes, who manages them by means of overseers, looks mainly to his balance-sheet, and keenly realizes that slaves past work are an impertinence and a solecism. There is no workhouse in the British isles whose inmates are not lodged, clad, and fed sumptuously in comparison with the crippled or superannuated slaves of the South.

Let us suppose a man to fall heir to a plantation of two or three thousands of acres, well stocked with negroes, whom he resolves to treat humanely, and with as much justice and kindness as is compatible with their bondage. In accordance with this resolve, he provides an abundance and variety of plain, wholesome food, and bids them eat whatever they need; constructs for them decent and comfortable habitations, with glazed windows, beds, bedding, tables, chairs, and cooking utensils; decrees that child-bearing women and all who suffer from disease shall have good medical attendance with exemption from labor and the nourishment required by their condition, and, in every respect save holding them in Slavery, applies the Golden Rule to his dealings with his sable dependents—they remaining as ignorant, inefficient, stupid, false, indolent, and reckless as slaves naturally are and must be—his plantation will run him deeper and deeper in debt from year to year. The more slaves he has, the sooner he will sink into utter bankruptcy. The profits of Slavery depend entirely on success in *withholding* what is due from the slaves; for, if you are to render to them what is just and equal, how are you to pay a thousand dollars per head for them to some one else? What does that sum represent but the difference between what the slave is expected to earn and what he is destined to receive?

No—the slaveholders are not wrong in regarding with distrust all pampering and cosseting of slaves—all attempts to cover with wreaths and garlands the sad, stern fact of bondage. I have no doubt that masters who are 'hard' upon slaves are safer than the gentle and indulgent. For the slave who is kept down, benighted, overworked, and underfed, naturally aspires to light tasks, long sleeps, a full stomach, and an easy overseer—little else or more. He may be goaded to hasty deeds of violence and blood; he will rarely plot an insurrection. But of the favored, petted, full-fed, lightly-tasked bondman, who can read and has leisure for thought and social intercourse—who has nothing to desire but Liberty—let his master beware! Of this class were Denmark Vesey and nearly all his fellow-conspirators.

—The intense *meanness* of slaveholding has never been more forcibly exhibited than in Mrs. Kemble's Journal. Here is a planter better than the average—a man of ample culture, high social pretensions, and abundant wealth aside from his negroes—who heaps up riches by driving women to delve in his cotton and rice-fields three weeks after child-birth; by exacting of them full daily tasks of hoeing while nursing their babes, to swell his property; and by sternly ordering his own wife not to speak to him in their behalf, for he was resolved to hear no more of their grumbling. And herein he was clearly right if resolved to remain a slaveholder. To listen to such complaints, yet not redress them, would only waste his time and sour his temper; to redress them would render his slaves a bill of expense to him; he had practically no choice but to leave things as they were or turn Abolitionist. He chose to remain a slaveholder and a Democrat.

—Of the unutterable *social* degradation of the slaves—their broomstick marriages without solemnity or sanction; their filthy huts wherein the children are rarely born or nursed; their families wherein the parents have no authority and little respect; of a social state wherein girls utterly untaught—nay, systematically forbidden all intellectual culture—are sent into the cotton-fields with men and boys at ten years old, and wherein each acquires consideration and gentler treatment on becoming a mother, whether with or without a mock marriage, and wherein each slave-woman is at the mercy of every white man's lust—there have been few more forcible elucidations than are contained in this small volume. May it be everywhere diffused, and may its truths sink deep into the hearts of all our countrymen and women!

OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Washington, Sat. Evening, July 25, 1863.

To the Editors of The Independent:

I pick up a few facts during my short stay at the capital, (for I am not to be classified with the "regular correspondents" until the October breezes are here,) and I am in receipt of hints from men so situated that they are somewhat behind the surface of things, that are worth noticing; and at the risk of offending those persons who dislike criticism of any member of the Government, no matter what the circumstances may be, I will allude to them.

In some quarters there is dissatisfaction with Gen. Meade for his failure to attack Lee before he crossed the Potomac, but the feeling is not general, and I believe those who understand all the facts of the case are the most lenient in their judgment. It should not be forgotten that the re-enforcements ordered to Meade had not reached him when the council of war was held. Not only did these re-enforcements (consisting of full 30,000 men) fail him at Gettysburg, but they had not arrived when Lee began to cross the rapid river that still separated him from his native state. It was certainly not Meade's fault that the re-enforcements did not arrive. Whose was it? Perhaps Dix, who was masquerading his thirty thousand men in Eastern Virginia, can tell; or perhaps the circumstances were such that entire concentration of our troops was impossible in sufficient season to attack Lee.

The present condition of the army is excellent, and its position is also promising for the future. It is, I believe, a larger army than is generally supposed. If a collision occurs between the two armies, the result cannot be doubtful. We shall triumph. The only question which gives any anxiety is the retreat of Lee. It is the general opinion in military circles here that Lee should not be permitted to make good his retreat upon Richmond; but after having crossed a dangerous river in the face of his foe, he may feel pretty certain of escaping to any point he may desire to reach without molestation from our army. Meade has the advantage of the inside track. Lee must move toward Richmond by going round the great ranges of mountains between him and his master, Jeff Davis. He dare not come through the mountain gaps.

There is a very strong confidence here in the Government since the recent victories have become fully appreciated. I hear on every hand the exclamation of "The war is at an end!" This is a great mistake. The war is *not* over, but if it be prosecuted vigorously, the rebellion can be very hard pressed before the winter sets in. The opponents of slavery, who are here, and I presume everywhere, the firmest friends the Union has, are more than ever determined that the cause of the war shall cease with the rebellion and the war. Some of the Border men, however, clamor for peace with slavery still flourishing in the rebel states. So far, they have made no impression whatever upon Mr. Lincoln. He has many excellent qualities, and among them is one called obstinacy. His enemies accuse him sometimes of senseless obstinacy. The Border slaveholders charge him with it in connection with this Emancipation question. But the truth is that generally Mr. Lincoln is too yielding. He is, however, sometimes obstinately firm. He is always so whenever his conscience is roused. At such times, no member of the Cabinet has any control over him, nor any influence with him—not even Mr. Seward, who knows better than any other man in the Cabinet how to get at the will of the President. Mr. Lincoln knows exactly how the world would regard him if he were now to abandon the colored people of the South for the sake of peace; and better still, he believes that it would be an offense against the good God who has given us our recent victories. I do not believe the President will swerve from the path of honor and duty. The pressure which will now be brought to bear upon him—if we go on winning victories—will be hard to bear, but he will, I feel sure, stand by his promises to the slaves of the rebel South.

In reference to the draft, there is but one sentiment here. All say, "Let it be executed *first*, and if there are to be any ameliorations of the law through liberal constructions, let them come *after* there has been a draft, and when the Government will deserve praise for its generosity, and not censure for its cowardice."

The Secessionists of Washington begin to despair of the cause of their friends. Some of the leading rebels here begin to admit that the game is lost, and they are shaping their own course accordingly. Their only hope lies in expected resistance to the Conscription Act and foreign interference. It is already seen that no effective resistance can be made to the draft. The hellish riot last week in New York has positively added strength to the Government, and when Europe hears of our great victories, interference will not be thought of. *The London Times* will go back to its old theme—the cruelty of the war as prosecuted by "the Federals."

The rioters and their sympathizers should understand fully that the Government is not in timidated. It is reported that Mr. Lincoln has declared that sooner than abandon the draft at the dictation of the mob, he will transfer Meade's entire army to the city of New York. If he has not said it, he will *do* it if needs be.

We have still pro-slavery clergymen in Washington—I am sorry to say it. Several of our ministers who attended the crowded meeting in Dr. Sunderland's church last Sunday night to meet Rev. Dr. Massie of London, refused to sign the reply to the address of the English clergymen because of the anti-slavery sentences in it! Dr. Sunderland's course is very honorable to him. He is doing a noble work here for the Government and for the cause of Freedom. He has it in his power to do much more than such men as Channing, who have been abolitionists all along—with a class of our citizens, I mean. He reaches the pro-slavery and the non-committal classes. He will not do so much longer, however, for the incorrigible are falling off, and the reasonable are being converted to the truth. If the rebellion is finally crushed, Washington will become an anti-slavery city in a very short time. It is the hope of final triumph for the rebels that keeps alive the pro-slavery sentiment of the city, and indeed of the whole border country. D. W. B.

FOREIGN.

The European news is to July 19.

—Its most interesting feature for us is, the strangling of one more attempt to secure a formal recognition of the rebels by the English and French Governments. This attempt was mainly engineered by Messrs. Roebuck and Lindsay, the former a disreputable politician—a kind of John Bull Vallandigham; perhaps we might say a Johnbulldigham—and the latter a notorious blockade-running shipowner. What they did was in brief thus: Mr. Roebuck went to Paris and had a conference with the Emperor, after which he came back and asserted in Parliament that Napoleon had said that he had instructed his minister Baron Gros to ask the British Government whether they would be willing to join in recognizing the Confederate States. On the strength of this, Roebuck and Lindsay and their friends urged with new vigor immediate recognition, helped at the same time by The *Times* and other papers, prophesying stoutly that "President Davis" would soon issue his first message from Washington, etc. In the course of his speeches, Roebuck revealed the real secret of British sympathy with the rebels, viz., *fear*. He said:

"Their prosperity [that of the United States] had been such that if things had gone on as they were, they would have been the bullies of the world, which they would have bestridden like a Colossus, whilst we, petty men, crept between its legs, scarcely deeming our souls our own."

Well; Napoleon flatly contradicted Roebuck, and—though it is not saying much—found more belief; the British ministers scubbed Roebuck sharply for trying to be an unofficial diplomatist; and the unlucky "Tear'em" (as Punch nicknames him for his snapping and snarling) found himself obliged to withdraw his motion. At the same time, the English and the French Governments both are certainly earnestly desirous of establishing the independence of the rebels.

—The Polish insurrection goes on as heretofore. The diplomatic situation has somewhat changed, and now stands thus: The Russian Prince Gortschakoff accepts most of the requirements of the Western Powers, as to a representative government, fairer conscription, etc., but instead of an armistice (which would admit the existence of a Polish armed power) proposes an amnesty (which preserves the idea of the Russian supremacy). The secret Polish National Government has given notice that it will not accept these terms; and it demands to be a party to any negotiations. It is said that the Grand Duke Constantine, having expressed a desire to see the portraits of the members of this secret Government, received a package of photographs purporting to be such. Tearing it open eagerly, he found the pictures of twelve men—from behind!

—British democracy produces queer fish. The Lord Mayor of London, on June 19, told the House of Commons that Southampton had been for twenty years under the "hiron eel" of Democracy. Some rude member replied by asking if that kind of eel was peculiar to Southampton Water.

—News from the city of Mexico is to July 10. On that day a Mexican Empire was proclaimed by the French and Romish party, and the Archduke Maximilian was invited to become Emperor. This was done by a sort of government suborned by Forey, the French commander, who, using the right of conquest, appointed a "superior committee" of 35, who were to appoint a "provisional executive committee" of 3, and an "assembly of notables" of 215. This assembly did the proclaiming that Forey ordered. The committee of 3 were: Almonte, the reactionist and Romanist chief; Gen. Salas, also an old reactionist; and the Archbishop of Mexico. This is as short and straight a route as if Forey should conquer the United States and appoint Fernando Wood, Ben Wood, and Vallandigham to make a copper head for the North and a slave republic of the South.

The Archduke Maximilian is a brother of the Emperor of Austria, and was born in 1832.

Thus the wickedest despot of Europe spits on the most important doctrine of American freedom. It shows—if any proof were needed—how surely he will lay hold on the pillars of our own Government, as soon as he may desire and dare. And he already desires.

Some of our country neighbors are still wondering why Gov. Seymour, who sometimes moves in good society, called the New York rioters his "friends." The reason will be found in the following quotation from the city election-returns of November, 1862. The places mentioned are riot-breeding districts.

	For Seymour.	For Wadsworth
Mackerelville	570	80
Five Points	612	88
Corlear's Hook	365	40

We do not mean that the Governor's affability to his blood-thirsty auditors was in repayment of their favors of a year ago, but arose rather from what Daniel O'Connell called political gratitude, which is a thankfulness in advance for *future* favors.

Sermon

BY

Henry Ward Beecher.*

"Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—Jno. iii. 3.

This whole conversation of our Savior with Nicodemus on this subject of spiritual change, is one of the most profound and important of his teachings. It does not demand simply change and improvement in morals and manners, but revolution. It does not merely demand a better life, but a new life. It does not demand that men shall rise from low measures of things good, but that there shall be the foundation laid of things that do not exist. It demands that seed shall be sown that is not yet planted, and that there shall be a change in kind, in degree, and in results that shall answer to the strong figurative expression, *The new birth*. We still employ language in this sense. When men by rest have refreshed their jaded and fatigued life; or when by remedies they have cleansed themselves from disease, they are said to be *new*. They feel like new men. An old house that is thoroughly put in order is said to be renovated. That is, it is made new, or made over again.

And so it is in this passage. Whatever may be added, and whatever may be taken away, the teaching is unquestionably that there is to be such a spiritual change passed upon every man as shall justify the use of this term *born again*. It is not a literal birth over again that is meant. Nicodemus stumbled upon the supposition that it was. The language is figurative. But, mark you, the truth is more important than literal words could make it. Figurative language is apt to transcend in intensity and force literal speech. And when the Savior declares that men must be born again, because the words are figurative, they mean more, and not less, than they would if they were literal.

There are weighty questions connected with this declaration. Is it true that all men need moral change as thorough as to bring it within this declaration? It is the impression in every Christian community that there are some who need such a change. It is believed that those who are in a savage and barbarous condition, who are uncultured and undeveloped, and who give way to their passional nature, might profitably be born again. It is also supposed that those who are living in the violation of the laws of their own mind and body—that is, vicious persons who indulge in excesses—would do well to be born again. It is conceded that all who have a contempt for the civil law, or, in other words, all criminal persons, should be born again. In aggravated cases in which, though no law of the mind and no law of the body is violated, yet, by excessive pride and selfishness, men are made to offend the moral sense of the community, it is thought that now and then there is one who should be born again.

But it is supposed that there is a large class in every community, who, while they need cultivation and development, and need to become better, only need to become a little better, and do not need to be taught that they are fundamentally wrong—so wrong that all the excellences which they have are but as moss growing on old ruins, beautiful, but useless. It is supposed to be in derogation of human nature, in many cases, to say that all men need to be born again. It is charged as a slander. It is resented and resisted as contrary to fact, at variance with consciousness, and not in accordance with a proper interpretation of the Word of God. It is supposed that there has been such an infusion of Christianity into the laws of the land, into the family, and into the customs of society, and that men are so brought up from their birth under the reflected light of the Gospel, that whatever may have been true in the time of Christ, now there are hundreds and thousands who are educated in such Christian dispositions that they need no change.

I will not undertake to say that there are not such. I will only undertake to say that a very large class of men who claim to be among them are not such. I do not touch the question as to whether it is not possible for Christian parents to train their children so that they shall be from the morning of their life in the exercise of Christian dispositions; but it is not usual as a matter of fact. And there is no invalidation of this general truth that men who are moral and good, as the world calls them, and as they style and consider themselves, need, just as much as the worst men, to be born again. For there are no degrees in such things. When a man is dead, he is *dead*; and when men are dead in trespasses and sins, so as to need resurrection, it is of no use to discriminate between them, and say that by reason of sin one man needs it more than another.

Men suppose that because they are genial and good-natured; because they are industrious, minding their own business; because they are honest, wishing only what is right, and seeking to yield always what is right; because they are truthful; because they contribute to the public welfare, and in pecuniary ways promote the good of the community in which they live—men suppose that on account of these things they are redeemed from the charge of being utterly wicked—so wicked as to need a thorough spiritual regeneration. And almost everybody claims that there are some persons who are so specially amiable that they need no change. Many parents think that such and such of their children are without the need of having their spiritual nature regenerated. That is to say, because in the earlier periods of the life of these children, when there has been no stress upon them, they show themselves so mild and simple, and show so little of what is in the root of their nature, the parents think that they need no regeneration.

Now, I do not deny the excellence of all these qualities, and of many others which men possess. On the contrary, I say that they are just as good as you think they are. They do not avail as much as you think they do, but they are as really good as you think they are; and Christianity provides for them, and tends to produce them; and when a man becomes a Christian according to the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ, he inevitably carries them with him, as a part of the fruits of the Spirit of God. But I do say not only that these things fail in many respects, but that they fail in great essential things. They leave out fundamentals, and are themselves strictly incidental. They fail to such a degree that the not perceiving it indicates a profound spiritual ignorance, and blindness, and death, even, among men.

Now, men may live at war with the ends for which they were created, and set aside the grand purposes for which God ordained human life, and all the great requisitions of the divine commandments, and surely, no matter how many good things there may be about a man, if, when you come to examine him, you find that he is so fundamentally wrong that he fails in the chiefest objects for which he was created, no man can claim that such a man is in a safe way, or void of the necessity of recreation.

The Keokuk was an admirable boat for everything except standing a bombardment; but it was not fitted for that, and so it was riddled with shot and sunk; and failing in that—the very thing for which it was made—it failed in everything.

A counterfeit bank-bill is good for many things. There is a charming picture on it that speaks to the feelings and inspires noble thoughts; and there are various respects in which you can say that the paper is good, that the ink is good, and that the engraving is good. It is good in all things except that for which a bank-bill is made—namely, to be an equivalent for property. In that regard it is a sham and a lie.

A man goes forth on an errand that violates humanity, and sets at naught the laws of his country. He is the steersman of a piratical vessel. As he sits at the helm he says, "I am not so bad as men think me; for I always know when Sunday comes around, and I read the Bible and sing hymns yet." Now, reading the Bible is not wrong, and singing hymns is not wrong: these are good as far as they go; and yet the man's chief errand is so wrong that though he may do many good things, it makes them, when you come to balance his character, of no account, and determines the fact that he is a bad man.

And so I say in respect to the thousand little graces and moralities and goodnesses of men. They are right and genuine as far as they go; but if men avoid those great things which are the ends of their existence, and for which God created them, then in spite of all these excellences they need to be born again, and thoroughly re-created.

A man, then, may be a moral man, not giving way to passion as savages do; a man may be a moral man, estimable, and as honest and truthful as is ordinarily the case; a man may be a good neighbor and a good friend; a man may stand in the community in growing repute, and yet, while his many excellences are not to be undervalued or set aside as of no account, it may be true that he has not one genuine impulse of devotion, nor one heartfelt throb of love, nor one deep sentiment of gratitude, nor one purpose of obedience toward God. A man may be very polished and refined; a man may be exceedingly kind and obliging; a man may be most gentle and attractive, and, after all, he may not believe that there is a God, or he may believe that there is no God except the universal spirit of creation. It is not uncommon to find infidel men who are, as the world expresses it, perfect gentlemen, an adornment to society, a charm in the festive circle, and beloved in the various relations of life. For it is true that the lower social faculties may be highly developed without any development of the higher moral sentiments.

Now, if there is anything that all mankind must assent to, methinks it is this: that we who are created of God, who are sustained in life by him, who feed upon his bounty, and who are maintained by him in all our active powers, should at least owe him obedience and gratitude and love. And where a man, however rich he may be in minor morals and in social qualities, however excellent he may be in the lower realm of feelings, leaves out his Creator, can it be said that he answers the end of his creation and of his being? Nay, more. God interpreted to us by nature and providence is worthy of reverence and obedience; and when God is interpreted to us through the Lord Jesus Christ, who is set forth as loving, as suffering for love, and as for love's sake dying; when thus he is presented to us in childhood, and from year to year as we grow up, and inwrought into all our knowledges, so that at every step of disobedience it is the crucified Savior that is forgotten and neglected and set aside, are we answering the end of our creation and of our being? And if a man despises and tramples under foot the blood that bought him, and treats with contempt the Savior who loved him and redeemed him, can he be excused by any excellences that he may have? Most assuredly not. And there not only may be, but there are, men in the community who exist without including in the purposes of their life the grand aim of humanity—namely, such a course here as shall secure immortality hereafter. There is much good in common morality, but it does not take hold of that which has been revealed to us as the proper end of human life.

Now, it is quite in vain to argue that a man needs no change who leaves out of his scheme of life that which should be the characteristic element in it—his immortality, his spiritual living, his new birth. And yet it is a fact, although there is a dreamy and dim recognition among unconverted men of the reality of the life to come, that it is to them like a cloudy sky. Not one star shines clearly to their vision. Their whole conception of the future is vague and unsatisfactory. And it has but little influence upon them. It is not a power in their life. It does not lead them to shape their present course in such a way as to secure life beyond the grave.

Such men as I have described, good as they may be, may yet be very largely under the predominant influence of pride, or vanity, or selfishness, or avarice. A great many persons suppose that only they are under the influence of such passions as these who are coarse and rude. But that is iron which is so burnished and polished that you can see your face in it, as much as that which is just out of the foundry, and is black and rough. There is such a thing as rough pride, and there is such a thing as smooth pride. There is a belluine, animal pride, and there is an exquisitely refined pride. The most intense pride is often that which in men seems like a carved pillar. All that there is in it, so far as the exterior is concerned, is graceful and gentle. Nay, men sometimes call it noble, and regard it as a source of high moral sentiments, until they look at the core of the thing. Men who are self-seekers are often extremely polite, as well as selfish. In other words, they are elegantly selfish. Why, a part of selfishness is to make men happy about you, because that is the way to make yourselves happy. Men find out that there is a truth in the Gospel, that in the main a man's disposition is the focal point where other men's joys and gladnesses are caught, and that he becomes happy in proportion to the number of rays that he receives. And finding this out, men seek to touch those on whom their happiness depends in such a way as to make them happy. The man who is worldly wise has learned that one way to make himself happy is to secure the happiness of the people around him. And the motive from which he acts is selfishness after all. Frequently it is a cool and calculating selfishness.

Why, do you not suppose that many of the tyrants and old despotic barons who carried a hand of iron over their dependents, had vines on their castles and flowers in their gardens? Do you not suppose that many of them sent delicacies to their vassals and soldiers when sick? It was for their interest to keep them in good health, and in a happy mood; and it was, after all, themselves that they were serving, in serving these men.

And so you shall find hundreds and thousands of men that claim to be good enough and to need no spiritual renovation, who are under the influence of selfish passions and instincts.

Still further, persons who possess all the excellences of which I have spoken, in a moral life that claims to need no regeneration, may, and do, fail to develop positively and potentially the higher moral faculties; they fail to bring forth the fruits that belong to man in distinction from the animal creation, the fruits of love, joy, peace, humility, self-denying benevolence, aspiration, faith, and heroism. They bring forth many things that are good, but they are those things that are lowest down, whereas those things which are highest and most significant are the things which are least present with them.

Is, then, that a satisfactory state, as men claim that it is, which is subject to such criticisms as these? Is that a state that needs no spiritual regeneration which is substantially without God? Does that man's state need no change who disregards the provision which Christ has made for him through his life and suffering and death, who ignores his own immortality, who employs his selfish powers predominantly, whose very good is an outgrowth of selfishness, and who leaves undeveloped his whole spiritual nature, which includes all the noblest elements of his being? And yet, these are the very things which those men do who suppose themselves to be good enough to live and to die with God's mercy resting upon them, and who flatter themselves that they shall rise in the resurrection day to shine for ever and ever. And it is to such men that the Lord Jesus Christ says, "Except you be born again, you cannot see the kingdom of God."

Was there a nobler man than that same old Nicodemus? I count him and Joseph of Arimathea to have been the two heroes of the Lord's company. Heroines there were, but of heroes there were but these two. When all his disciples had forsaken him and fled, when the cruel mockery of a trial had been gone through with, when sentence had been passed upon him, and when he had been executed, two bold men, who had never been intrusive in their faith, nor been loud in their professions of attachment, in the hour of night went and demanded his body of Pilate, and buried it in their own new sepulcher, hewn in a rock. Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea were the two heroes of the whole disciple band; and yet, it was to this Nicodemus—a man unselfish, and full of excellences and spiritual tendencies—that Christ said, "Except you are born again, you cannot see the kingdom of God." If it had been to Pilate, or Barabbas, or any greatly wicked man, that the Savior declared this, we should not have been surprised; but it was to one of the precious and elect of that age. And if it is applicable to such, how much more is it applicable to those who are but superficially good, and whose inward nature is corrupt.

In view of this discussion of the need that man has of a new birth, I remark, in the first place, that when we, who preach the doctrine that man's sinfulness should be thoroughly regenerated, are charged with derogating from human nature, and when men who praise simple morality assume to themselves the credit of honoring human nature, I assert that the facts are exactly the reverse, and that he who says that men are so good that they need no change of heart, slanders human nature. I declare that all men do need to be regenerated, and I honor human nature by the declaration.

Suppose two men should rise up among a savage nation, and one should declare that they were good enough, and the other should declare that they were degraded and ignorant and deluded, which of them would honor human nature, the one that had such a conception of manhood that he was satisfied with savagism, or the one that had such a conception of manhood that he felt that the savage state must be renounced or improved? And which ideal is the better, the one that is satisfied with common moralities that leave out God in the eternal world, or the one that is only satisfied with the highest religious sentiments of the soul, and that includes the Creator and all that belongs to the sphere in which he dwells? Is that conception which permits a man to be a self-server and a self-seeker, which only asks for fragments of manhood, and which lets the stream of human life flow corruptly on, complimentary to man? A different conception is the one which has been lifted up in the light of Christ's truth, that makes these lesser excellences almost contemptible if they leave out those higher qualities, the love of God, the hope of immortality, and the power of the Holy Ghost to develop the inward nature. And that man who justifies morality, and decries spirituality, is a slanderer of human nature, while I, who will not be satisfied with a manhood that is less than that which has for its pattern the very image of God, honor human nature, and dignify it.

We see now what is the work of God's Spirit in drawing near to the human soul; in enlightening man's ignorance of spiritual things; and in pouring upon the heart a conviction of its evil that shall rouse the conscience, and incite men to stir themselves for their own salvation. So long as a man believes that he is rooted right, and that the difference between men is only a difference of relative growths in good things, he will have no great desire for regeneration; but let the light of God's Spirit shine in upon a man's soul, and let him see that he has omitted from his aim of life the grand element of true manhood, and that in his character there are few things that are good and many that are bad, and he will be anxious to become regenerated.

Take this watch. There are many things about it that are admirable. The gold is fine; the crystal is clear; the face is beautiful; the pointers are excellent; the figures on the dial-plate are handsome; and much that belongs to the watch is good. But what is the use of the richness of the case, and the polish of the wheels, and the jewels in which they run, and the main-spring, and the hair-spring, if the watch does not keep time? You cannot eat with it, or walk with it, or row with it, or build with it, and it is good for nothing.

"Except your righteouness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." They were good men, as the world went; and yet, Christ declared that they were like salt that had lost its savor when measured by a high spiritual conception. Relatively, their excellences were so small, and their evils were so large, that they were just good for nothing. You may have a thousand good things; but when the Spirit of God shines in your soul, bringing the law, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself," to bear upon your motives and your daily conduct, until you begin to measure your character by that law, then you see that your excellences are as nothing.

Why, suppose a man is in debt to the amount of a million dollars, and he draws out from his pocket a few pennies, or half-a-dozen little pieces of silver, or a dollar or two, and says, "Is not this good in and of itself, and as far as it goes?" They are good, to be sure; but what are those starveling pennies in a man's hand, when there stands that million of dollars like a avalanche?

Now, honesty is good, and amiable neighborhood kindnesses are good; but when the law is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself," when that should be the rule of your life, and when there has not been a day nor an hour in which you have not violated it, what is it to say that you have these minor excellences? What do simple moralities amount to when you are so void of that which ought to be the characteristic quality of your conduct—the manifestation of God's Spirit?

It is not to be wondered at that when a man is convinced of his sin he should experience suffering and fear. There is need of these things. There is need in every one of us for such an exhibition of the law, for such a striving with the conscience, for such a revelation of the claims of God, and for such a realization of our deficiencies and our positive sinfulness, that our reason and moral feelings should be thrown into the most profound alarm, as well as sorrow and grief. And yet some suppose that only weak men feel great suffering. On the contrary, strong men feel it, and weak men do not. It is a sign of manhood to be able to feel noble and generous sentiments; and it is a sign of the want of manhood to be unsusceptible to these things. And when the law of God reveals to us what we should have been, showing us what we lack, that is the truest man who responds most readily and cheerfully, and whose soul is most stirred within him.

And when by the Holy Spirit a man is converted, it is true that the work is not complete and perfect, and that the deficiencies are not supplied, and the habits are not changed in a moment. It is as when the pioneer goes into the Western country, and takes a quarter section of land. There is upon it the growth of ages. He selects a portion as a farm, and cuts down as many trees as his time will permit, and girdles the rest. He piles up and burns the logs and the brush, and runs a fence about his ten acres; and then, with plow, as best he may, he opens his furrows; and then he plants his corn. And that ten acres is redeemed from the wilderness. It is going to be better than it is now; the trees are not all removed, the roots are not all out of the ground, and years will be required to bring this spot to the best state of cultivation; but it has begun to yield its appropriate harvest, and every season will see it smoother, richer, and more beautiful. And the work was begun when he cut the trees down, and inclosed the piece that was to be improved, and turned over the soil, and put in the seed.

Now, when a man that has been covered all over with natural growths, influenced by the power of God's Spirit, sets himself off from a worldly life, fences himself away from his old courses, and cuts down his evil habits, and puts in the plow of reformation, and sows the seed of a better experience, though the stumps and roots remain, and the work is incomplete, yet a new husbandry is begun in him. The first steps are taken toward a process which will in due season bring every part of his nature into subjection to the divine law.

But it is objected that often those who live without a change of heart are better than those who profess to have had it. I think likely. But it is not those who *profess* to have had it, but those who *have* had it, that I am speaking of. And if a thousand men run away in the day of battle, it does not invalidate the fact that some do not run, if they do not. No matter how many cowards there were in the Eleventh Corps, one or two regiments stood well, and held their ground a long time; and did not they stand and hold their ground because their comrades deserted them? Were they not courageous because these other men were cowardly? There are thousands that profess to have been changed who have not been changed; but there are many that profess to have been changed who have been changed thoroughly and radically. They are filled with the sweet graces of God's Spirit; and all the mistakes and failures of others cannot rub out that fact.

How many men fail in making money! And where ninety-nine fail, and the one-hundredth succeeds, do men argue that it is of no use to start? They would revile you for any such reasoning. When it is worldly things men have learned to seek, then no matter how many fail. Each one that begins the race in youth and strength, thinks that he will be the one to succeed; and the failure of the many does not invalidate the success of the few.

So is it in the Christian life. So is it with those that are born again. Many are called, and few are chosen. But the few that are chosen, are chosen; and the truth of God is vindicated in their lives.

This is a truth of God to every one of you. It is not to mankind in general, but to individual men. And there are witnesses of it here. There are many who know that they were dead, though they thought that they were alive, and that they needed no change. God convinced them that they did need a change in the day that he disclosed his truth by the Holy Ghost in their hearts, and they saw themselves to be whited sepulchers. And he brought them from death to life. And now their life is led with Christ in God. And they have the witness of God's Spirit in them that they are his children. And they say, "Abba, Father." By that token they know that they are adopted. And they are God's witnesses of the truth that I have preached to you to-night. But there are many here who are not witnesses of it, and yet should be. There are many that have been reared strictly in its doctrines, but who have fallen from them in heedlessness. There are many who need to have these things solemnly brought again to their consciousness. There are before me to-night men who are the children of Christian parents, who have sometimes prayed for themselves, and who often and often have almost been persuaded to be Christians; and let me say to them, in the language of the Savior, "Except ye be born again, ye cannot see the kingdom of God." You cannot even *see* it; and still less can you enter into it.

This is primarily your concern, and not mine. I am not here with any cunning trap. I am not here with any snare. I am only actuated by a general feeling of sympathy and benevolence. Your salvation is peculiarly a matter of your own interest. There is no one in this house that can have such an interest in your salvation as you have yourselves. And if the grace of God has never entered into your heart, you need his saving, regenerating work; and without that, however many excellent things there may be in you, you will be sadly wanting. In the absence of it, everything else is of very little validity, and with it moralities of every kind become intensely enhanced in value.

I beseech of you, take this truth home to yourselves, and to-night read it in your own chamber, asking, "Did my Lord and Savior mean to teach me that by nature I was lost, and that to be saved with an everlasting salvation I must be born again?" Look to it. Your life is involved in it—your eternal life. You would not let your house or your ship go for six months without insurance; and your soul, which is set upon a voyage that shall never end—will you not insure that?

* Preached at Plymouth church, Brooklyn, Sunday evening, May 10, 1863. Reported for *The Independent* by T. J. Ellinwood.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by J. B. Richards, in the Clerk's Office of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

IS THERE HOPE FOR FRANCE?

PARIS, July 3, 1863.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE INDEPENDENT:

We have already been permitted to see some good fruits resulting from the elections. The Emperor did not fail to take the hints given him by the people, and forthwith to act upon them.

When the votes came to be classified, it was found that those given to the Administration were from the most secluded and ignorant of the population in the Provinces, and a goodly portion by these who could not read and write. In all the large and small cities the opposition was in the majority; but sometimes, there being two or three candidates, this division secured to the one named by official authority the majority necessary to his election. But the demonstration was not less striking that the greater proportion of the people were opposed to him and the measures he was expected to advocate.

The Emperor was very willing to rule over an ignorant people, but, now that he has become convinced that enough are sufficiently enlightened to see through his policy, he fears to resist any longer the tide which has begun to set against him and ignorance.

Nobody expected the work of reform would begin so soon; but in less than a month there were three ministers deposed, one being the Minister of Public Instruction. But unless the appropriation is increased for this department, he can accomplish no great reform, however may be his zeal, and there is no evidence that the war budget is to be diminished. New armaments are dispatched in all haste to Mexico, and all appearances seem to indicate that by yielding some points the Government hopes to carry others; and unpopular as has been, and is, the Mexican war, it is still determined to carry it through.

With Napoleon III. to design, and such a general as Forey to execute, there is little hope for Mexico, even though France has entered her protestation; and we have as little hope that anything thoroughly reformatory will be effected among the people at home. It would take a generation to educate a corps of teachers, with plenty of money, and all the necessary facilities. France pretends to be the first nation in the world in polish and politeness, and thinks America the last in these respects. But in America teachers are gentlemen and ladies, and treated as such; in France they are boors, and treated as such. It is the custom for all gentlemen to doff their hats to ladies and acquaintances, and a lady considers herself insulted when a gentleman fails of this mark of respect anywhere except in the public street, though he may never have seen her in his life. Yet the men who teach school for both boys and girls, sit all day with their hats on, and exhibit not the least evidence of culture of mind or manners. In the cities we see them every day with their pupils arranged two and two, taking a walk. They march at the side, not seeming to regard their office as anything but a penance, and looking not all superior to those we have seen marshing beside prisoners chained two and two on their way to toil.

Boys in boarding-schools have no other exercise in the open air than these promenades, which are devoid of all interest, and cannot possibly afford the recreation school-boys must need. It may be a good way to train *subjects*, but American boys could not be kept in such harness. We heard one the other day rejoicing that the lines had fallen to him in pleasanter places, that in his home in New Jersey he and all boys could go where they pleased, laugh as loud and play as boisterously, while very often, from his window in Paris, he saw boys reproved and separated by the police who were making no noise at all.

We can conceive of its being a terrible restraint for boys not to be allowed to make a noise, and we do not understand how Frenchmen as a nation have the reputation of being the most volatile and uproarous, or how it can be true that they are, if it is, when all early life of both men and women is so hampered. Though perhaps this is the very reason. Grown people are more like children than children are like what we expect them to be, as we see them insocial life.

But political life is becoming serious and sober work, and now that it is seen that something may be accomplished by thinking, by toiling, never again will the people sink into their former apathy. They demand to be treated like men, and though the Emperor will go no further than he is compelled inch by inch, he must advance a little, or he will be himself deposed.

The Minister of the Interior, the one most obnoxious to the Liberal party, and for twenty years Imperial friend and counselor, has been set aside. A programme has been already formulated for municipal reform, that the provinces and communes may learn to take care of themselves and weaken centralization, which is the curse of France.

A German paper calls the new ministry the "hope ministry," and we will hope it will not disappoint us.

We were startled a day or two since by the rumor that intervention in American affairs was to become a certainty, and the statements were so formal that the most fearless began to fear. But it proved like many which had gone before it, a pure fabrication on the part of English sympathizers with Southern rebellion and Southern commissioners, who, being in the throes of despair, made a little more desperate effort than ever to accomplish something by threats and intimidation.

The Emperor has quite enough to do at home just now, and nothing he could do would be so sure to be anathematized by the party which has just so severely rebuked him, as to act in any way against the Union cause in America. And the English Government is not so strong that it dares to defy the people in this matter.

AMERICAINE.

—*The Rutland* (Vt.) *Herald* thus *funnily* indicates the condition of the Democratic party in those parts: "John Cain, Esq., of this place, assembled in Democratic county convention at the Town Hall yesterday. Owing to the inclemency of the weather, he did not get together until some time after the appointed hour."

Editors' Book Table.

BOOKS.

COLENSO'S book as far as published has caused the publication of seventy-five different books, besides pamphlets and articles.

—Rev. Dr. Bacon of New Haven has in preparation a Life of the late Admiral Foote, which will be published early in the fall. This life is to be published with the authority of the Admiral's family, all of his papers having been put at the disposal of Dr. Bacon for this purpose.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Rev. M. B. Czechowski desires us to announce that his autobiography may be ordered from him, at Williamsburg, L. I., and will be mailed post-paid, on receipt of $1. The work is entitled "Thrilling and Instructive Developments; an Experience of Fifteen Years as Roman Catholic Clergyman and Priest."

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION. Nos. 1 to 4. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1863. Large 4 to. pp. 24 each number. Issued in semi-monthly numbers, at 25 cents each.

This is for many reasons an exceedingly good "history," such as can now be written. For at least one reason, it is exceedingly false and bad. The falsity in it could hardly be too strongly stated or too indignantly reproved. It is the shameless and monstrous assertion that the agitations and arguments toward emancipation in the North were violations of constitutional right, and that "the abolitionists" are therefore to blame for their anti-slavery efforts. Why, this makes the North guilty of the war; it concedes the whole claims of the rebels and the Copperheads; it stultifies every soldier and loyalist who fights or speaks for the nation. Not denounce an infernal crime, nor seek to destroy it, merely because we cannot pass a law that will reach it? The notion is the quintessence of Pandemonium and Castle Garden together. The cool assertion of it at this day by one pretending to as much scholarship and intelligence as the author of this work, is something which we could not have believed, had we not the words before our eyes.

All the useful documents, all the engravings,—most of them very good ones,—all the correct general views and exclusive and interesting information, which make this history really exceedingly interesting, convenient, and valuable, can in no wise compensate for this monstrous misrepresentation; not only a sin against God, humanity, and our own nation, but a violation of historical truth and common sense. It is both morally wrong, and a great blunder as a matter of business.

THE BOOK OF DAYS. Parts X, XI., XII. Phila.: Lippincott & Co.

We have already from time to time noticed the successive numbers of this encyclopedia of curious facts. These numbers are up to the standard of the work; and the work is full of odd and interesting reading.

"I WILL;" being the Determinations of the Man of God, as found in some of the "I Wills" of the Psalms. By Rev. P. B. Power. New York: R. Carter & Brothers. 1863. 12mo. pp. 404.

This is a series of discourses, orthodox in teaching and emotional in process, setting forth the chief points and habits of the Christian life. The title is in bad taste, but English habits in this particular are not the most elegant. The book is sincere and hearty in feeling, and calculated to do good.

GOOD THOUGHTS IN BAD TIMES and Other Papers by Thomas Fuller, D.D. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863. 12mo. pp. 397.

Dr. Fuller was a sound, sensible, pious, and genial writer, whose pages sparkle with germs and gems of quaint and witty thought. These brief didactics of his, set down amidst the convulsions and sufferings of the English Civil Wars, gain thereby a special relevance for reading now. They have also a large absolute value. And the Good Thoughts are well set. It might not ill be said that words fitly *printed* are apples of gold in pictures of silver. For manner as well as matter is essential to any high perfection. Gentlemanliness is doing the right thing in the right way. And the wholly good book is, good thoughts well printed. The elegant typography and manufacture of this book are real enhancements of its intellectual value.

THE WORDS OF THE LORD JESUS. By Rudolf Stier, D.D. Translated from the second revised and enlarged German edition, by Rev. W. B. Pope. Revised by J. Strong, S.T.D., and H. B. Smith, D.D. Part I. New York: Ministers' Library Association. N. Tibbals, agent. 8vo. pp. 144.

This is the first part of an issue in monthly numbers, at 75 cents each, of a standard evangelical commentary. The plan of publication brings it within the reach of all. It is to be completed in eighteen numbers.

A HISTORY OF THE INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE. By J. W. Draper, M.D., LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1863. 8vo. pp. 631.

This solid volume is devoted to a discussion of the progress of politics, theology, learning, and discovery in Europe, preceded by a sketch of the earlier Asiatic beliefs, and shaped into an argument that the life of nations is subject to a law of growth, maturity, and decay, like the life of individual men. Of course, on this principle, each nation must expect extinction at last. The means of delaying this as long as possible is, by bringing it to pass that "all political institutions should tend to the improvement and organization of national intellect."

Dr. Draper has produced a book of laborious classified learning, very suggestive and interesting. But it assumes or neglects the one great differentiating element between modern and ancient history. Dr. Draper answers, perhaps satisfactorily, the question, Do *heathen* nations grow, mature, decay, and die? But he does not deal with the consideration whether Christianity modifies that career. No Christian nation which God would accept as a fair exponent of His great gift to man, has yet existed. And consequently the philosopher has not yet the facts from which to reason upon the case as it really stands. It is the hope and faith of those who believe in Christ and his Gospel, that it is one purpose of that Gospel to lead men toward happiness through brotherhood and mutual help, and that some day such means will be practicable, in place of the frightful bloody strife which has thus far only left the strongest barbarian alive and ruling, throned on the corpses of the weaker rivals he has slain.

THE EVERYDAY PHILOSOPHER in Town and Country. By the author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863. 16mo. pp. 320.

A pleasant, genial, happifying, diffuse, easy, additional volume of the essays of Mr. Boyd. They are popular and deserve it.

LIFE OF CHOPIN, by F. Liszt. Translated from the French by Martha Walker Cook. Phila.: F. Leypoldt. New York: James Miller. 1863. 16mo. pp. 202.

This is not so much a biography as a collection of thoughts and observations on music, with occasional references to Chopin. In spite of its want of texture and connection, it has much interest for such as love and understand musical feelings.

MUSIC.

WE have from Root & Cady, Chicago, the following music:

"Song of a Thousand Years," words and music by H. C. Work; a well-phrased melody and chorus, with patriotic words; "Who'll Save the Left?" a song of Murfreesboro, words by R. Tompkins, music by Root; "Mine is the Mourning Heart," words and music by S. C. Foster; "Jenny Brown and I," sentimental song and chorus by R. S. Taylor; "A Vesper Song for our Volunteers' Sisters," by R. S. Taylor; "Watching for Pa," song and chorus, by H. C. Work; "He's Comin' Again," Highland melody and chorus; "The Days when we were Young," by Work; and "Johnny Schmoker," arranged by B. F. Rix.

Nearly all the above are fair popular music, and "Johnny Schmoker," properly executed, is one of the funniest things imaginable.

We have from Horace Waters, New York, the following:

"Was my Brother in the Battle?" by S. C. Foster; "When this Dreadful War is Ended," song and chorus, by the same; "Nora Dearest," ballad and chorus, words by W. M., music by Mrs. Parkhurst; "Dear One, I Think of Thee," words by G. W. Hardwick, music by S. Lawrence; "Shall we Meet Beyond the River?" duet, music by G. H. Bates, arranged by Mrs. Parkhurst; "There is a Beautiful World," music by J. M. Holmes, arranged by Mrs. Parkhurst; of which the first two and the last two are very pleasant music.

MAPS.

MR. DISTURNELL, No. 337 Broadway, has left with us a "Map of the Seat of War in Virginia and Maryland," published and for sale by him, drawn by J. G. Bruff. It is a neat lithograph, on a scale of about 6 miles to an inch, and covering an area of about 70 miles south, as much north, and about a hundred miles west, from Washington. This includes most of the fighting ground in Virginia, all of Maryland, and most of that in Pennsylvania. Circles at each ten miles show the distance from Washington.

PERIODICALS.

The Atlantic for August (early bird!) has "An American in the House of Lords," by F. Wayland, Jr.; "Theodore Winthrop's Writings," by Charles Nordhoff; "Hilary," by Lucy Larcom; "Debby's Debut," by Louisa M. Alcott; "Wet-Weather Work," by Donald G. Mitchell; "Civic Banquets," by Nathaniel Hawthorne; "The Geological Middle Age," by Louis Agassiz; "The White-Throated Sparrow;" "The Fleur-de-Lis in Florida," by Francis Parkman; "Seaward;" "Side Glances at Harvard Class Day," by Gail Hamilton; "Love's Challenge," by T. W. Parsons; "Political Problems and Conditions of Peace," by Judge Woodbury Davis.

Of these the best are Miss Alcott's fresh little story, Gail Hamilton's subacid sense on college matters, and Hawthorne's account of English feasting and speechifying.

Harper for August has: "Scenes in the War of 1812," 3d paper; "An American Family in Germany," (Ross Browne's queer pictures and narrative) concluded; "Eulalie;" "Cemeteries;" "The Battle and Triumph of Dr. Susan," part 1st; "Sir Guy of Brittany;" "My Heart and I," "Romola" and "The Small House at Allington," continued; four sketches and stories; and a grim but interesting account of the French Empress, Eugenie.

The American Phrenological Journal for July has a vigorous portrait of Dr. E. H. Dixon, and an analysis of his character. There are also portrait cuts and brief sketches of Stonewall Jackson, Miss Dickinson, and Lord Brougham. *The Journal* contains much interesting matter, selected and original.

Brownson's Quarterly Review for July contains five articles, of which the last two are entitled "Stand by the Government," and "Are Catholics Pro-Slavery and Disloyal?" This question is answered with a substantial affirmative. But Dr. Brownson's powerful logic, thorough loyalty, lofty morality, and fearless mental processes, are by no means the influences preferred by the managers of our six hundred thousand Romanist voters; and Dr. Brownson is according ignored as far as possible by the Romish hierarchy.

The Biblical Repertory and Princeton Review for July, solid, learned, and truly theological, has the following articles: "The Inspired Theory of Prayer;" "Religious Instruction in the Army;" "Faith, a Source of Knowledge;" "The True Tone in Preaching, and the True Temper in Hearing;" "The General Assembly;" "Date of the Books of Chronicles;" "Paul's Thorn in the Flesh."

The Danville Review for June has the following: "Studies on the Bible, No IV.—The Exodus; Passover; Priesthood; Borrowing the Jewels," by Rev. E. P. Humphrey, D.D; "The Element of Admonition in the Epistle to the Hebrews," by Rev. N. C. Burt, D.D.; "The Peril and Duty of the American People, with respect to the Foreign Relations of the Country, impending War with England and France, and the threatened Humiliation and Partition of the United States," by Rev. Ro. J. Breckinridge, D.D.; "Chaplaincy in the Army," by Rev. R. W. Landis, D.D.; a review of "The Puritans and their Principles, by Edwin Hall. New York: Chas. Scribner. 1851," by Rev. Robert Johnstone; "The True Mission of the Church," by Rev. R. L. Stanton, D.D.; "A Manual of Worship suitable to be used in Legislative and other Public Bodies, and in the Army and Navy. George W. Childs, Philadelphia. 1862," by R. W. Landis, D.D.

Of these, that of most popular interest is Dr. Breckinridge's, which argues that there is real danger of intervention, and that it is necessary in consequence to change our habitual foreign policy and adopt "entangling alliances." But the brave and loyal Doctor argues like a man and a Christian, that the loyal North can win if necessary against England, France, and the rebels together. It is true. We can.

PAMPHLETS.

Constitutional Law. Decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, relating to Taxation of Bank Stocks, etc., by States and Cities. New York: J. Smith Homans, Jr. 1863. Price 50 cents. 8vo. pp. 63.

[A convenient manual. Reprinted from *The Bankers' Magazine.*]

The Life and Services of Rev. Lyman Beecher, D.D., as President and Professor of Theology in Lane Seminary. A Commemorative Discourse, delivered at the Anniversary, May 7, 1863. By Rev. D. Howe Allen, D.D. Cincinnati: 1863. 8vo. pp. 30+5.

Discourse at the Funeral of Rev. Ralph Emerson, D.D., late Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology in Andover Theological Seminary. Delivered at the Second Congregational church, Rockford, Ill., May 22, 1863, by Prof. J. Haven, D.D. Chicago: S. F. Rounds, printer. 1863. 8vo. pp. 28.

A Renovated Earth the Saints' Everlasting Home. By the author of "The Shadow on the Hearth," etc. New York: Printed by E. O. Jenkins. 1863. 8vo. pp. 79.

On Cephalization, by Prof. J. D. Dana, Yale College. 8vo. pp. 12.

[A reprint of Prof. D.'s very interesting article in *The New Englander* for July, 1863.]

On the Higher Subdivisions in the Classification of Mammals. By James D. Dana. 8vo. pp. 7.

[Reprinted from *The Am. Jour. of Science and Arts* for January, 1863. This and the preceding article by Prof. Dana show much deductive and ordinating power in the writer, and besides their technical interest, are very useful for fixing be

RUSSIAN DISSENTERS.—The Dissenting sects in Russia, of which there are a number besides the Molokans, although they were probably included—having seen a calumnious report which accused them of traitorous proceedings against the Government, and of directly or indirectly aiding the Poles—lately presented an address to the Emperor Alexander, earnestly denying the charges brought against them, protesting their loyalty, and entreating him to believe in their fealty.

By all antecedents, the Czar—the head of the Church—should have refused to listen to these dissenters; but, on the contrary, he received them, and thus publicly acknowledged them as a distinct body, asserting them that while he had read the calumnies of their enemies, he had not believed them, and that they were equally his dear children with their countrymen of the Established Church.—*N. Y. Observer.*

GERMANY.—The persecutions of evangelical Christians continue in Germany. The Bavarian Protestant Consistory has ordered all clergymen to abstain from holding private meetings. The same authorities have stopped the edifying addresses which were delivered in the Deaconesses' Institution at Spire, in Palsgraviate Bavaria. A young clergyman had lost all prospect of future preferment in the Church for having printed a sermon in which he frankly advocated and explained the evangelical truth of the Bible.

LABRADOR.—*The Congregationalist* publishes a letter from the devoted American missionary in that frozen field, which reads like a narrative of the Moravians or of the days of Paul:

CARRIBOU ISLAND, LABRADOR, June 10, 1863.

MESSRS. EDITORS: We have spent the eight months of winter in the settlement on Esquimaux River. Here we built a log chapel, held in it day and evening schools, and gathered larger and more regular congregations to hear the Word of God than ever before. It has been a winter of spiritual blessing to us after years of waiting, for which we cannot be too thankful. God has sent his Spirit among our people, convincing many of sin and judgment. A few have, we hope, been truly converted. This work of the Spirit in our community is a great encouragement to us, not only because of its immediate fruits, but also for its valuable moral influence on the coast, where the doctrines and experiences of grace have been unknown.

The winter has been very long and cold, and is hardly ended now. The ice has not been broken up in our bays till the present week—indeed, the Newburyport fishermen's harbor is still inaccessible. Yesterday, in coming from our winter quarters, we encountered large jams of ice, and where the sun does not strike, the snow around the mission House is six feet deep. The straits are "*jammed*," and no American or other vessel can get near us. We have heard a *rumor* from a Nova Scotia vessel that "the war is still going on." Other than that we know nothing since Pope's retreat in September. Oh! may God soon purify and restore our dear country. Yours truly,

C. C. CARPENTER.

THE NESTORIANS.—Of the oppression, famine, and poverty now so trying among the Nestorians, but little is written, and, to prevent queryings and possible misapprehension, it may not be amiss to mention here, that such painful statements upon this subject as have been sent by missionaries to their associates now in the United States, which may well awaken deepest sympathy and call forth effort to afford relief, have in no case, as yet, been made in letters to the Missionary House. The mention of many listeners to preaching, conversions, decidedly hopeful appearances among Armenians, and the interesting class of theological graduates, show that labors are not in vain, and encourage to hopeful and prayerful effort. Mr. Rhea writes, April 30, 1863:

"The most appalling hindrance to the Gospel among the Nestorians is vagrancy. It is noiselessly creeping into the church, and poisoning the fountain of its life. We hope the Gospel, pungently preached here, and the vigilance of the Russian Government, whose soil affords the grand arena for this vagrancy, will cause a reaction and finally break up the system. One of the most common expressions now to be heard in the mouths of Mussulmans is, 'Our country is in ruins.' Enormous extortions, prodigality, locusts, famine prices, and grain monopoly by wealthy and covetous khans, have done this work, and the country is really in a sad state. The great khan of the province has been hoarding his grain, while hundreds are in deep want. But the weevil has been as busy in destroying as the khan in building air castles of accumulated wealth, and his grain goes begging in the market at two dollars a load lower than the price current."

SOUTH AFRICA.—Mr. Grant writes, Jan. 13:

"That part of the world's prayer-meeting, in January, 1863, which was conducted at Umvoti, closed, as I suppose other similar meetings did, last Sabbath. On the Sabbath commencing the week, I preached on the dispensation of the Spirit, the people having had a prayer-meeting at sunrise—a morning meeting which has been kept up, so far as I know, without a single omission, for more than two years. During the week, I attended a meeting each day, an hour and a half, commencing at four o'clock in the afternoon—always offering a short prayer myself and making a few remarks, to give shape to the meeting, which, being thus opened, was left to the people to conduct, by prayer or brief remarks, just as their own feelings should dictate. And during all those days, there was not a single instance of stagnation of feeling the whole time being filled up, usually by a few remarks and a prayer by the same individual; and just as soon as one was seated another rose. In several instances, two jumped up at the same time.

"I am unable to do half that should be done at Umvoti, and in attempting to do all I can, or rather in attempting to do what should not be left undone, I am prematurely running down. Two days ago, one of our people put a paper into my hands, containing pledges to the amount of £69 10s. a year, toward paying the salary of a new young missionary, if I could get one to come and settle with me. It contains pledges from five of our people offering £10, equal to $48 80 each. The same individuals are also among those who are giving the largest sums for the erection of our new chapel. Do people at home, who have been Christians longer, and who earn and possess more money, pay more liberally for good objects? Could I get for them the right sort of a man, I think they would each pay all his salary."

MADAGASCAR.—The late sudden revolution, by which the young King from whom so much was hoped was dethroned and assassinated, was the result mainly of his having surrendered himself to the worthless counsels of a French agent. The revolutionists at once proclaimed his widow Queen of the country, subject to the provisions of a written constitution—a curious extension of constitutional government, which, if the English missionaries are wise, will doubtless result in much good. The Queen has accepted the constitution, which stipulates among other things that she shall not drink strong liquors, and that the right ever life and death belongs to the Council. It also abolishes the Tanquin, and maintains religious liberty. The recollection of the wonderful past through which the Malagasy Church has survived, watered by the blood of the martyrs, and of the great promises of God toward his church upon earth, will not permit grief to pass into despondency and unbelief. God's footsteps are in the deep waters.

The London Patriot takes a gloomy view of the event, and says:

"In one hour all our fair hopes for this beautiful and interesting island are thus once more dashed; for though it is said that 'religious liberty is still to be maintained,' it is too much to expect that the missionaries will be able to continue their labors without interruption. It will be well if they are able to continue at their posts. Their great friend and protector has been cruelly murdered, the Queen is understood to be very much under the influence of the Catholic priests, and in the midst of excitement and lawlessness their advice and teachings will pass unheeded."

INDIA.—*The London Missionary Society's Chronicle* for this month contains an account of the baptism and reception into the Christian church of two Kulin Brahmins, the highest order of Hindoo priests at Calcutta. Their story is briefly told by Rev. Edward Storrow in a letter to Dr. Tidman. One of them, Bhogoban Chunder Chutterjea, 22 years of age, is studying with a view to some legal appointment, and the paper which he handed in to be read at his baptism is unusually interesting, as the history of one who finds his way by slow degrees, and in spite of many obstacles, out of the darkness of Hindooism into the pure light of orthodox Christianity, and as illustrative of much that is going on beyond the circle of pure missionary influence.

These baptisms are especially gratifying, not only because of the rank and intelligence of the converts, but on account of their undoubted sincerity and devotedness, and also because they belong to the Presidency College, where direct Christian instruction is prohibited.

CONGREGATIONAL.

MAINE—LICENSING AT BANGOR.—At a meeting of the Penobscot Ministerial Association, in the Seminary chapel, on the 14th inst, twenty-three young men were examined, and received licenses to preach the Gospel. Fourteen of these were from the senior class, and were licensed, as usual, for three years. Nine were from the middle class, who have another year to spend at the Seminary. They received licenses for one year, pledging themselves meanwhile to complete their course of study at the Seminary, and exercise their ministry under the direction of the Faculty.—*Mirror.*

CHURCH FORMED AT LEE VILLAGE.—Pursuant to letters missive, an ecclesiastical council was convened in the new meeting-house at Lee Village on Friday the 10th inst., and after due deliberation organized a church of 12 members, mostly from the church in Springfield, who came with letters of dismission and recommendation. The church was constituted by Rev. Dr. Tappan. Consecrating Prayer, Rev. E. G. Carpenter; Fellowship of the Churches, Rev. A. J. Bates; Concluding Prayer, Rev. Wm. S. Sewall. The church (though small) is gathered under very favorable circumstances, and with the cordial consent of the Springfield brethren, who feel that the time has come when the cause of Christ demands the separate organization. Rev. C. H. Emerson, who has successfully completed the new church-edifice, is to remain, for the present at least.

MASSACHUSETTS—SOUTH NATICK.—Rev. E. E. Strong of South Natick has been advised by council to remain as pastor of the Eliot church in that place.

"After the call of the council, and while they were considering the propriety of dismissing Bro. Strong to accept a call to Auburndale, the people of South Natick rallied and proved their unfaltering attachment to their pastor by raising his salary to a sum satisfactory to him. In view of their efforts, and the perfect harmony and strong affection existing, the council felt sure that the relation should not be interrupted."

ANDOVER ASSOCIATION CENTENNIAL.—Andover Association was one hundred years old the 5th inst. Things as old as that deserve commemoration. Accordingly, some five months since the present members of the body bearing this name proposed to honor the fathers with a Historical Discourse and Brief Biographical Sketches of deceased members. The meeting was held at Andover, July 9, Rev. Samuel Jackson, D.D., presiding. The choir of the South church sang us the good old tunes, such as China, Bangor, New Jerusalem, Majesty, etc. Dr. Cleaveland's discourse outlined the men that formed the Association, their theology, and that of their time, weaving fact and philosophy in a style *sui generis*.

The "Sketches" attempted to picture thirty-seven men in the Association who have died. The sum total of their years of service was found to be 1,825 years. The average of individual ministrations thirty-seven years, somewhat more than the average nowadays.

After a sumptuous dinner prepared by the ladies of Andover, Rev B. F. Clark of North Chelmsford gave an outline of changes that have occurred in the parish, church, church-officers, meeting-houses, etc., during the century. Others added to these ancient memories, and the Association adjourned to meet in one hundred years.—*Boston Recorder, abridged.*

NEW YORK—HOMER.—The Congregational church at Homer held a solemn dedication meeting in their new house of worship, on the 8th of July. The interest of the occasion was hightened by the presence of Rev. John Keep of Oberlin, formerly for many years the efficient and honored pastor of the church, who offered the dedicatory prayer. The sermon on the occasion was preached by President Fisher of Hamilton College. The new edifice is thus described:

"The new building is of brick, substantial and handsome. It is of the style called Romanesque, with a single spire rising from the center of the front about 100 feet high. The roof and spire are slate covered. The audience-room is 58 by 80 feet, with 4 aisles, and side galleries. The choir and organ occupy a platform between the entrance doors opposite the pulpit. The pulpit seats occupy a deep high niche. The porch is spacious, and at the rear of the building are two vestibule rooms, with a minister's ante-room between them. The walls and ceiling are plainly frescoed, with relief ornaments in plaster. The cost of the building with all its furniture, including furnaces and gas fixtures, is $19,-000."

A farewell service was held in the old house, preliminary to the other, at which a suitable sermon was preached by the pastor, Rev. A. Bigelow, a member of the Presbytery of Cortland, N. S. The preacher referred particularly to the first introduction of the Gospel into this valley, and the rapid growth of the early church. The religious society was incorporated in 1799. The house of worship was commenced in 1805, and finished in 1807. It was dedicated soon after. The pastor in the course of his sermon asked all those in the congregation who were present when the house was dedicated to manifest it by raising the hand, and the number was only four or five. Mr. Keep added some interesting statements concerning his own ministry in the place. The church at Homer is and has always been strictly Congregational, although it stands on the roll of the Presbytery, with a membership numbering about four hundred and fifty, thus swelling the aggregates of another denomination. Efforts in abundance have been made by Presbyterian pastors and others to draw so strong and effective a church away from its original order, but hitherto without effect. They do not choose to change in that direction.

OHIO—RAVENNA.—Rev. E. B. Mason was installed as pastor of the First Congregational church in Ravenna, on the 11th of June, by an ecclesiastical council, of which Rev. J. A. Thome was moderator, and Rev. G. Darling, scribe. The exercises were as follows:

Invocation and Reading of the Scriptures, Rev. J. Meriam; Introductory Prayer, Rev. L. E. Lamb; Sermon, Rev. Henry L. Hitchcock, D.D.; Installing Prayer, Rev. Geo. Darling; Charge to the Pastor, Rev. J. A. Thome; Right Hand of Fellowship, Rev. Dr. Goodrich; Charge to the People, Rev. J. C. Hart.

ILLINOIS—SYCAMORE.—Rev. E. J. Alden was installed pastor of the Congregational church in Sycamore, July 1.

Introductory Services, Rev. F. L. Fulier of De Kalb; Sermon, Rev. Prof. J. Haven of Chicago Theological Seminary; Prayer, Rev. N. C. Clark; Charge, Rev. H. W. Small of Sterling; Right Hand of Fellowship, Rev. Wm. A. Lloyd; Address to the People, Rev. L. B. Lane of Geneva.

Mr. Alden's installation is in accordance with his earnest convictions that this is the true Scriptural relation between pastor and people. Not that an installation will necessarily prolong an undesirable pastorate in any case, but rather that both pastor and people, while the relation exists, may enjoy the mutual advantages which an actual settlement will confer.—*Era.*

ENGLAND—VIEWS OF AMERICAN AFFAIRS.—*The London Patriot*, of July 2, quotes the late speech of Mr. Gladstone in reply to John Bright, as "the calm, good sense of English opinion," where he declared that no war can be just unless it be for an adequate object, and no object can be adequate unless it is attainable, and "we do not believe that the restoration of the American Union by force is attainable. (Cheers.) I believe that the public opinion of this country is unanimous upon that subject. (No) Well, almost unanimous." *The Patriot* adds:

"These are the ideas to which we have continuously endeavored to give expression from the first day of the disruption until now. In doing so we have displeased our friends across the Atlantic, and a few of our friends at home, whose intense and most righteous indignation of slavery has hurried them into an indiscriminate approval of Northern policy and deeds. We trust, however, that the congregationalists of England will continue firmly, though with every consideration for the difficult and exasperating circumstances in which our brethren are placed, to express the opinion that the bloody war for the subjugation of the South is useless, and therefore unjustifiable, and that even the emancipation of the slaves is not to be sought by such sanguinary means."

METHODIST.

WORD FROM DENMARK.—*The Missionary Advocate* has a letter from Rev. O. G. Hedstrom, the Swedish sailors' preacher, now in Europe. We give a single incident:

"On the morning of Saturday, June 13, I arrived in Copenhagen, where I was received by Brother Willerup and his excellent wife with tears of joy. At Copenhagen I once more saw across the channel the shores of my native Sweden after an absence of thirty years. On the 18th of June Brother Willerup and myself started for the town of Viele, Jutland, where Brother Smith, formerly of the Bethel Ship, is the missionary. I cannot describe the joy of our meeting. Here I preached three times, and the power of the Lord was eminently present. We had a good love-feast also. I went out some fifteen miles from Viele into the country with Brother Smith, and preached at one of his appointments in the evening. There was a general awakening under the word, so great, indeed, that we could dismiss until after twelve o'clock at night, and then, many of the people refusing to retire, I preached again, after which they left. The next morning they gathered again and I preached to them, and then took myself away, and returned to Copenhagen happy, and thankful that the Lord had blessed our visit to Brother Smith. Some of his people had come from a distance of sixteen miles, a few of them with wooden shoes at that. At Svendborg, where Brother Marcus Nettsen is the missionary, the work of the Lord is prospering in the midst of much persecution."

REPRESENTATION IN THE METHODIST CHURCH.—The last number of *The Methodist Quarterly* contains an article on "Lay Representation and Itinerancy," by Rev. Dr. Whedon, which seems to be intended to stem the tide which is setting toward a more popular form of government in the Methodist Church. Dr Whedon contends that "the enactment of representation repels itinerancy," and then adds: "Disintegrated, dismantled, de-*mitered*, and Congregationalized, the Methodist Episcopal Church is dead." Yet he is in favor of extending the terms for which the ministry is appointed. The article betrays deep interest, not to say warmth of feeling, on the question. Our neighbor, *The Methodist*, is said to "exist by a breach of faith against the institutes of the Church," etc. If representation is admitted, Dr. Whedon claims that it shall not be aristocratic, but that every adult member of the Church shall have the right of suffrage. It looks as if it might come to this yet.—*Observer.*

REFORMED DUTCH.

ENDOWMENT OF RUTGERS COLLEGE.—It gives us great pleasure to announce to the Church and the friends of the college that there is already secured, by actual subscription, over $50,000. A general and cordial co-operation is witnessed—pastors, consistories, and congregations are all alike moved by the same spirit of earnest activity and high-toned liberality. Individuals and churches are contributing to a degree hitherto unknown in the denomination. The good Spirit of the Lord is moving the heart of the church, and nothing is now needed to secure the full amount of $100,000 but a prompt, vigorous, and systematic prosecution of the work.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

OUR INSTITUTIONS AT GETTYSBURG.—With devout gratitude to our heavenly Father, we congratulate our churches upon the safety of our beloved institutions at Gettysburg, with their precious libraries, standing, as they did, between the hostile lines on that memorable day, that turned the tide of war so gloriously against the "slaveholders' rebellion." So far as we can learn, the lives of all connected with them have been mercifully spared.—*Lutheran Observer.*

A correspondent of one of the daily papers, in speaking of the exactions made upon the soldiers of our army, says:

"In honorable contrast to this sordidness was the conduct of Professor Stoever and his amiable wife. As many as twelve wounded Union soldiers at once lay upon his dining-room floor, receiving from himself and Mrs. Stoever constant care. His spacious yard was for days a free ordinary, where our men ate their fill, without money and without price not only, but with that hearty and cheerful welcome which so reanimates the weary. In his cellar he concealed three Union officers for three days while the town was in possession of the rebels—anxiously determined to save them from arrest and the Libby prison. His wife fed them stealthily during the time."

COLLEGE RECORD.

HAMILTON.—The Fifty first commencement was held July 15. Public addresses on the previous days of the week by Rev. C. H. A Bulkley and Dr. Eells of Brooklyn, and Hon. Charles B. Sedgwick, and poems by Rev. Edward Hopper and Mr. John C. Long. Gen. John Cochrane presided at the Sigma Phi and Prof. T. W. Dwight at the Alumni. The deaths of graduates were 9, of whom 3 were officers in the loyal army. Dr. Wisner stated that "one-tenth of all the living alumni of Hamilton have enlisted to help put down the Southern Rebellion." The graduating class numbered 22, and the A.B. was conferred *ex gratia* on 7 members of the senior class now serving their country in the army of the Union.

The honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on Prof. James Hall, Albany; Hon. Charles Baldwin Sedgwick, Syracuse.

The honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on Rev. Azariah Eldridge, Detroit; Rev. Edward Dafydd Morris, Columbus, Ohio; Rev. John J. Brandigee, Utica; Rev. David Torrey, Ithaca.

BELOIT.—Commencement July 8. Graduates, 12. Literary addresses by Hon. T. O. Howe and Rev. E. H. Avery. This college is in a prosperous condition, and is making an effort to raise $50,000 for permanent endowment.

The honorary degree of LL D was conferred upon Hon. David Davis, of the U. S. Supreme Court of Bloomington, Ill., and also upon that distinguished patriot, Gov. Yates of Illinois.

EVANSTON UNIVERSITY.—The graduating class was small, yet the past year has been one of unusual prosperity to the University. The embarrassments under which it has suffered are disappearing. Its present assets are estimated at over $308,000—a larger sum, probably, than any other Methodist college can boast of. Prof. Noyes, the acting president, to whose efficient administration the present financial and literary prosperity of the institution is principally due, is a most competent scholar and disciplinarian, and does as much of the real work of the chief officer as any president in the country.

ANTIOCH.—The smallest class ever graduated was presented at the late commencement. *The Star of the West* says:

"Since the death of Mr. Mann, Antioch has really been on the decline. Dr. Hill, now President of Harvard as a scholar, was perhaps the superior of Mr. Mann. But he was not as well or as widely known as an educator in the land, and he could not summon pupils from the East and the West by the influence of his name, and since his departure for the East the institution has steadily declined. The 'Christian' people have not seemed to comprehend the responsibilities resting upon them, nor do they seem to have made any effort worthy of mention to procure funds or secure professors competent for their place. The result any thoughtful man could have foreseen. The President elect has declined to accept the keys, and the trustees have voted to close the institution for one year."

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.—Commencement July 23. The baccalaureate sermon by President Cummings was an eloquent and elaborate disquisition on the fundamental principles of government. Dr. Durbin's address on missions, Dr. A. P. Peabody's on St. Paul, and Dr. Pierpont's poem on "Fashion, Crinoline, and Tobacco," and Dr. Cooke's before the alumni, were all well received. The graduates were 37, including 10 from the failed Troy University.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on Rev. Bostwick Hawley, Rev. J. W. Lindsay, Rev. Lorenzo R. Thayer, Rev. Oren B. Cheney.

The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on Enoch L. Fancher, New York.

Prof. A. C. Foss has resigned. J. C. Van Benschoten is chosen Professor of Greek and Modern Languages, and Rev. Fales H. Newhall, Professor of English Literature and Hebrew. Oliver Cutts, Esq., of New Rochelle, proposes to pay the salary of a professor—$1,500 a year—until he shall permanently endow the chair.

During the meeting, Isaac Rich, Esq., of Boston, whose gifts to the educational enterprises of our Church have been princely, pledged himself to endow another chair, to be called the Olin Professorship.

THE DISSENTING COLLEGES OF ENGLAND.

These institutions hold their anniversary at about the same time, early in July. They are rather theological seminaries than literary institutions, being designed exclusively for the training of ministers, generally in a course of four years from the start. The number of students is small compared with our American colleges.

The Baptist College at Rawdon.—This college held its 57th anniversary June 24.

During the year, twenty-three theological students have enjoyed the advantages of the institution, of whom only three have finished their collegiate course.

Peculiar interest was given to the proceedings by the announcement that the friends of the retiring President, Rev. James Acworth, LL.D., had resolved to take this opportunity of presenting him with a memorial of the services which, during the last seven-and-twenty years, he has rendered to the institution and to the whole Christian church. The testimonial consisted of a beautiful bust of himself, by the eminent sculptor, M. Noble, Esq., and five hundred guineas. Rev. S. G. Green, B.A., is appointed President and theological tutor of the college.

BRISTOL COLLEGE.—On Wednesday, June 24, the annual meeting of the Baptist College, Bristol, was held in the vestry of Broadmead chapel.

The report stated that the number of students at the commencement of the session had been twenty-five. Of the four seniors, two have accepted calls.

As many as fifteen applications had been received from young men for admission into the college, or making inquiries on the subject with that in view. Five candidates had been admitted for the next session.

The total payments during the year had been £1,424 18s. 6d., whereas the receipts had only been £1,078 8s. 5d., so that there was a balance against the college of £346, 10s. The falling off in income was heard with regret, but it was announced that the five new students just appointed would pay £10 or £15 a year toward their education.

NEW COLLEGE, LONDON.—Including nine lay students, and thirteen students from Regent's-park College, the whole number for the year has been sixty eight. Forty-four are theological students. Two are accepted for foreign mission work. Mr. Arthur J. Bell is employed as a teacher of elocution. Four of the students matriculated in the University of London, and five have taken the degree of A.B. there. All the students who left at the anniversary last year are now settled as pastors. One of the present class has already accepted an invitation. The professorship of Natural History is abolished, but Dr. Lankester is retained for a course of lectures on Chemistry. The subscriptions for the year amounted to about $4,700, and the congregational collections to $800—total, $5,500.

The most exciting circumstance of the occasion was the virtual dismissal of Professor Goodwin, by the Trustees, in response to a clamor in regard to his orthodoxy, originating, we believe, with that old heresy-hunter, Dr. Campbell. The ground of the proceeding is thus stated by the committee of council:

That in their estimation Mr. Goodwin yields implicit deference to the authority of Scripture; and that his views on the cardinal points of Christian faith are in substantial agreement with the orthodox faith, his mode of teaching them as in many respects unimpeachable, and as calculated in high degree to stimulate beneficially the minds of the students, while his spiritual influence, they have reason to believe, is of great value. His interpretations, however, of certain texts which are generally considered main proof of important Christian doctrines, as well as the grounds on which he arrives at these interpretations, differ widely from those commonly received among us, and would, the committee are persuaded, be deemed unsatisfactory by most of the council and constituency of the college.

The Patriot says:

"It was quite possible, indeed, for a hostile critic whose judgment equaled his warmth of feeling to have made out a strong case against the decision at which the council had arrived. It is avowedly a compromise, and as illogical as compromises always must be; but it may be very sensible for all that, and, considering the position which the council held as representatives of a large body of subscribers, they have probably taken the best course open to them."

CHESHUNT COLLEGE.—The 95th anniversary of the Countess of Huntingdon's College was held at the college, with a large attendance. Dr. Vaughan preached the usual sermon. Sir Francis Crossley, Bart., M. P., presided at the dinner. In his remarks he said:

"During next month my worthy brother is to be honored by having the Prince and Princess sleep underhis roof—a circumstance the like of which has not happened to a humble Dissenter for many a long year. But, as I have said already though we are Dissenters, we are as loyal as any one belonging to the Establishment can possibly be."

The last session commenced with 27 students, and there is room for seven more. The income for the year was about $9,500. Rev. H. R. Reynolds, J L.B., is Professor of Theology. Rev C H. Spurgeon and Rev. Newman Hall have each of them been kind enough to spend an afternoon of conversation with the students; their wise counsels and stimulating words were highly valued. This hint might be well followed in this country. A friend promised to present each of the students of the College with a copy of Mr. Allon's Life of Mr. Sherman of Surrey chapel, who was educated at this college.

WESTERN COLLEGE, PLYMOUTH.—At the commencement of the last session seven students were admitted, three on probation, and four were received from the London Missionary Society to be trained for foreign service. The receipts were reported at about $2,500, and expenses $10,000.

LANCASHIRE COLLEGE.—The 20th anniversary, June 25. Numbers not stated. The day being fine, the attendance was very large. The absence of the Rev. Dr. Raffles through ill-health was deeply regretted. In all other respects the meeting was pleasant, and the state of the college is most satisfactory.

HACKNEY THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—The annual meeting of this institution was held in Mile-end Newtown Chapel, Church street; Benjamin Scott, Esq., F.R.A.S., Chamberlain of London, in the chair. The chairman said that—

"He was about to introduce one of the students of the College, who would deliver an essay on 'The Characteristics of St. Paul's Teaching.' That young man had been penetrating into the county of Surrey, and had been aiding in gathering together a church. The spirit of hearing had manifested itself in that region in which he had been laboring, about four miles from his (the chairman's) own residence; and the same spirit of hearing had been manifested under his own roof. On the 1st of January he (the chairman) opened a room in his own house, and in three months it became inadequate to hold those who came to hear the simple Gospel, preached by himself mainly, as he had none to help him in the parish. A second room, considerably larger than the first, had been opened, and it was now quite full. Mr. Jellie was not unknown to him, owing to his visits to the county of Surrey, which was one of the dark places of the earth; and if Dr. Tidman had been present, he should tell him it was the darkest place in the earth; darker than some of the places he [Dr. Tidman] had been endeavoring to evangelize in the South Seas."

AIREDALE COLLEGE, BRADFORD.—The project of removal to another place was laid aside.

ROTHERHAM COLLEGE.—A plan had been proposed of amalgamating this with Airedale, but it was abandoned. The devoted secretary of the Trustees, J. W. Pye Smith, Esq., resigned on account of feeble health, and his son, J. W. Pye Smith, Jr., Esq., was chosen in his stead.

THE REPLY TO THE ENGLISH ADDRESS.

THE Address of the French Pastors to the Protestant clergy of England in regard to American slavery, and the manly response of Rev. Baptist Noel and about 4,000 others, with a direct appeal to those of the United States, was formally transmitted to this country by the hands of Rev. Dr. Massie and Rev. Mr. Rylance, the latter a highly respectable clergyman of the Church of England. Of Dr. Massie, the senior of the delegation, the European correspondent of *The Methodist* says:

"Among the Independent ministers of England, Dr. Massie has been what Mr. Arthur has been among the Wesleyans. I think I do not err in saying that the organization of the Emancipation Society, and its successful operations within the last year, have been due as much to Dr. Massie as to any other living man. I trust that these gentlemen will find an enthusiastic welcome among all friends of the Union, and that their mission will tend greatly to strengthen the bonds of union between the friends of freedom and civilization in England and America.

"It must be remembered that these gentlemen, and those who have thought and acted with them in England, have had a tremendous battle to fight. It is the *fashion* in England to favor the slaveholding rebellion. The nobility and gentry, almost universally, are on the rebel side. For slavery they care nothing in comparison with the fancied interests of their order. They believe that the breaking up of the American Republic will tend to discredit the democratic principle in England and throughout the world, and to strengthen, to a corresponding degree, the position of the privileged classes. The principal journals are under the control of these people, and have done their work with untiring and unscrupulous energy. By systematic falsehood, by ingenious distortions of fact, by a constant suppression of all intelligence that could favor the National cause, they have succeeded in blinding the minds of the so-called higher class, and also of the upper middle class of English people, and also in stupifying their consciences to a degree that no American would have believed to be possible three years ago."

We are glad that the deputation have met a distinguished and honorable reception here. As early as possible after their arrival, a large meeting was convened at the Bible House, under a call from Drs. Tyng, Thompson, and A. D. Smith, Dr. Francis Vinton in the chair and Rev. J. T. Duryea, of the Dutch Church, secretary. An able committee was appointed, after full consideration, to prepare a suitable response, and at an adjourned meeting the excellent letter was reported and unanimously adopted and signed by the ministers present, with a recommendation that it should be signed by clergymen of all persuasions who approve its language. We cannot conceive of an intelligent and loyal minister of the Gospel intentionally witholding his signature from a paper which appears to us to be as eminently patriotic as it is eminently Christian in its sentiments and language.

We intended to have printed the address in last week's paper, but, unfortunately, the copy sent to us did not come to hand, and we copy from *The Methodist*, which appears to have been the only office that got it in time:

REPLY TO AN "ADDRESS TO MINISTERS AND PASTORS OF ALL CHRISTIAN DENOMINATIONS THROUGHOUT THE STATES OF AMERICA," FROM MINISTERS IN FRANCE AND GREAT BRITAIN.

REVEREND AND DEAR BRETHREN: We have received with much pleasure the "Address to Ministers and Pastors of all Christian Denominations throughout the States of America," adopted by the "Anti-Slavery Conference of Ministers of Religion," held in the city of Manchester, on the 3d of June, 1863, and presented to us by the Rev. James W. Massie, D.D., LL.D., of London, and the Rev. J. H. Rylance, M.A., of Leominster, who were appointed a deputation for that purpose.

The personal character of the gentlemen composing this deputation, and the honorable and dignified assemblage which they represent, bespeak for the Address our most respectful attention. And its importance is enhanced by the consideration that it represents not only the immediate Conference at Manchester, but also 4,000 ministers of Great Britain and Ireland, who had met at agreat meeting previously protesting against the recognition of "a Confederacy which lays down as the corner-stone of its constitution the system of slavery as it exists at present in the Southern states." That so many intelligent and thoughtful men in the ministry of the Gospel should have united in such a protest, is equally honorable to them and gratifying and encouraging to us.

Perhaps we ought not to wonder, and certainly we will not now complain, that the severe struggle in which we are engaged is looked upon by our Transatlantic brethren so exclusively in its relations to the 4,000,000 of Africans held in bondage upon our soil. As christian men, we also are fully awake to the sin and the shame of American slavery, and are instant in prayer to God, that the time may be at hand when this hateful institution, which has inspired the present gigantic rebellion, shall be utterly destroyed.

But we are Americans, contending in arms for the preservation of our national life, and for all the great interests of constitutional liberty and order, which are at stake upon the issue of this conflict. The dismemberment of our Republic would be, not merely the loss of territory and power to the Federal Union, not merely the ruin of existing forms and institutions of Government, but the downfall of constitutional liberty itself upon the North American continent. Nor can there be any well-founded hope of ultimate deliverance for the enslaved among us but in the triumph of our arms between antagonistic principles—the one asserting and vindicating the dignity of labor, the other scorning labor, and trampling it under foot.

That we are to succeed in this struggle, and by the blessing of God come out of it an unbroken nation, we do not doubt. It appears to us also to be the purpose of Providence that the rebellion and its guilty cause shall be buried in the same grave. In this, as Christian men, we do greatly rejoice. It sweetens the bitterness of our present lot to believe that in vindicating, against an inexcusable conspiracy, the just and beneficent authority of the nation, at so great a cost of treasure and of blood, we are at the same time serving the cause of universal liberty.

We thank you, dear brethren, for your words of cheer. We rejoice in the fellowship of the saints. And most heartily do we unite our prayers with yours, that the powerful Christian nations to which we respectively belong may never be arrayed against each other in deadly strife, but may stand up together for the maintenance of righteousness, of peace, and of freedom. And to this end may the Christian people of these nations cultivate a mutual respect and regard, and be ready to co-operate in any good work for the welfare of mankind and the advancement of Christ's kingdom in the world.

FRANCIS H. VINTON, Chairman.
JOSEPH T. DURYEA, Secretary.

We hope that this address will be signed by all Christian ministers of every denomination in the loyal states. Measures should be taken to have it presented for signature at all conferences, synods, conventions, or assemblies appointed to meet within a reasonable space of time. Ten thousand copies of the address have been put in circulation in the United States, and it is hoped that by this means, and by publication of the address in the newspapers, it may reach every clergyman in the country.

Those who approve the address and wish their signatures to be added to it, are requested to send their names to the Secretary, No. 26 West Thirty-sixth street, New York city. That the communications may be distinguished from his private correspondence, the Secretary desires to be addressed, Joseph T. Duryea, Secretary.

General News.

EMANCIPATION.

IT may seem incredible, but it is true, that there are New England men who publicly avow that negroes ought to be kept slaves, and to like it. *The Boston Courier*, a few days ago, deliberately printed the following:

"As no white man ought to consent to be a slave, so, in our opinion, no negro ought to desire to be a freeman in the United States. Freedom to them can have no other meaning than misery, degradation, and final extermination."

How shameful that will look a hundred years hence!

—On July 18, a convention of the emancipationists of Southeast Missouri was held at Cape Girardeau, which passed resolutions energetically condemning the half-hearted work of the late state convention, and nominating Col. Lindsay of Ironton to succeed Mr. Noell, deceased, in Congress.

—*The Louisville Journal* is as pro-slavery as *The Boston Courier*—which is all that can be said. It accordingly is deeply distressed and grieved at what it calls "the illegality, offensiveness, and temerity" of the common-sense measure of enrolling black as well as white men for conscription. Let us suggest that all parties would be satisfied by enrolling and drawing them, and then permitting white Kentuckians to volunteer as their substitutes. Then the nation's need of men will be satisfied, the "honor" of the negro-breeding state of Kentucky will be satisfied, and her white sons will have so much the more fighting to do.

—A fine building, forfeited by a rebel general, and sold for taxes, has been secured at Fernandina, Fla., and a Home for Colored Orphans is to be established in it, in charge of Miss Chloe Merrick.

—An order of Military Governor Shepley of Louisiana, dated May 12, 1863, annuls a Louisianian law of 1857, which prohibited emancipation of slaves, and permits slaveholders to emancipate, and all persons entitled to freedom to sue for it in any court of record.

—A call was made at New Orleans on the 4th, for 3 or 4 regiments to defend the city for 60 days. In three days, four full negro regiments were raised, armed, and in fighting order.

POLITICAL.

THERE are many signs of a tendency toward a Union Party, which shall draw to itself all those who desire first, and last, and all the time, and only, the prosperity and honor of the nation. It is a hopeful and joyful prospect.

—Now is a good time for every political man to hold his tongue and not define his position. The reason is, that now, Washington correspondents and the like are about beginning the practice of telling stories about what Hon. Mr. —— said, and what he thinks. What they want is to have him come out and loudly proclaim that it's no such thing; he thinks so and so. Then the correspondents have got him, and they cry out, He is letting his duty and the rebellion alone, to work at President-making! Wherefore, O politicians, hush!

—The New York riots will be badly damaging to the Copperhead party. This is so plain that, as we have ourselves heard, the Democrats are charging that the riots were a trap got up by the "Black Republicans" *on purpose!* And already the German Democratic paper at Cleveland, Ohio, has dropped the name of Vallandigham and substituted that of Brough for governor, avowedly on the single ground that these riots prove the necessity of supporting the party which is for suppressing the rebellion by arms.

—A Union (observe the name) State Convention will be held at Syracuse, N. Y., Sept. 2, to nominate state officers, viz., Secretary of State, Controller, Attorney-General, Treasurer, etc.

—Vallandigham is still in Canada. *The Toronto Globe* is disgusted at the attention shown him by Toad Bull, and it quotes the resolutions which he tried to have passed about Wilkes's capture of Mason and Slidell, thanking Wilkes and approving and adopting his act "in spite of any menace or demand of the British Government."

—A convention of loyal Tennesseeans at Nashville has requested Gov. Andrew Johnson to issue writs for the election of a legislature, to take place Aug. 3.

—Judge McCunn of New York, who has been declaring the Conscription unconstitutional, and has been liberating all the rioters he could on habeas corpus, is the same person who, while colonel of a volunteer regiment, was arrested by Gen. McClellan and sent to New York, with the injunction not to return to the National capital on peril of his life.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IT is stated that the whole national debt of the United States is now about eleven hundred millions of dollars. This we have furnished ourselves without asking any favors of European capitalists. It is a large sum, but it is only a quarter of the debt of England, and half that of France.

—The following are the spirited views of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company on extra risks in resisting riots. They were given in answer to a query:

HARTFORD, Monday, July 20, 1863.

We do not consider that insured parties, called on as militia to suppress a riot, are vitiating the conditions of their policies; but if we did we would give them free permits, unless they fired *blank* cartridges, in which case we would charge them double extra premium. If New York cannot preserve the peace of the city, it is high time the United States Government took the business in their own hands, and called for Connecticut men to do it.

GUY R. PHELPS, Secretary.

PERSONAL.

HON. JOHN J. CRITTENDEN died, aged 77, at

NOTICES.

☞ All communications for the Commercial Department of *The Independent* should be addressed to "Commercial Editor of The Independent;" that Department being under the exclusive charge of a separate Responsible Editor.

☞ No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Whatever is intended for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer; not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for any views or opinions expressed in the communications of our Correspondents.

☞ Manuscripts sent to *The Independent* cannot be returned.

The Independent.

NEW YORK, JULY 30, 1863.

THE COMING THANKSGIVING.

President Lincoln has appointed the 6th of August as a day of Thanksgiving; Jefferson Davis has appointed the 21st as a day of Humiliation. *We* are in the sunshine: *they* in the shadow. Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory!

We present a brief schedule of the successes of the Union arms since the 4th of July, with the Rebel losses:

Lee's defeat and retreat	40,000
Vicksburg	32,000
Port Hudson	6,000
Bragg's retreat	4,000
Morgan's captured force	5,000
Holmes' defeat at Helena	2,000
Biffle's guerrillas in Northern Mississippi	1,000
Loss of guerrillas, Jackson, Tennessee	1,000
	91,000
Add prisoners before in our hand	9 000
Total Rebel loss for the summer	100,000

—To the above statement we must add the following:

A Union victory in the Indian Territory, by Blunt, July 16.

The raid to Wytheville, cutting Virginia & East Tennessee Railroad at the same time.

The raids to Tarboro and Rocky Mount, N. C., about the same time.

The Red River expedition a week earlier.

—During this period the only Union defeat was the late repulse at Fort Wagner, near Charleston.

July has thus proved a harvest-month of victories—a fruitage so ample and sudden as to show itself the manifest gift of Heaven; for which, in a manner becoming to a grateful people, we are to return public thanks to the God of Hosts.

Public confidence in the Administration has been greatly strengthened by these gratifying successes of our arms. The People, who rightly demanded of the Administration, from the beginning, a measure of success commensurate with the magnitude of the national preparations, are now generously ready—after many just fault-findings—to award to the Government its due meed of praise. The truth is, such have been our resources both in men and in money, and such the lavishness with which both have been offered to the Government from the outset—always excelling our enemy in these respects—that the President has been left without excuse for anything but success. Mr. Lincoln's face, we are told, bears now an unusually cheerful expression—in fact, since the incoming of this victorious month, he has been in an unbroken happy humor, full of hope for the final victory of the Good Cause. We congratulate both the President and the Country upon the signal triumphs which we are gladly called to celebrate with thanksgiving.

But in the midst of the present thanksgivings, we must not shut our eyes to the remaining dangers. The cause of the Union is not yet achieved. The smoke has not yet cleared from the battle-field. The risks of the war are still great. Our enemies are rallying their broken squadrons, and have yet a forlorn hope. With brave men, when numbers diminish, valor increases. We do not believe—yet who shall say the event is impossible?—that Lee will yet pluck back his plume of victory from Meade. A sudden defeat to our army in Virginia would strike a shadow over the North, like a cloud over a meadow. Such a catastrophe ought to be shut out from possibility. Nor is there any method of doing it except one—and that is, the speedy completion of the draft. Graves have opened under the feet of our armies, and decimated ranks cry aloud for re-enforcements. It is a cruelty to the troops in the field to delay the draft. Every man who in the North offers an obstacle to the conscription, smites the cheek of every soldier on the Rappahannock. The simple fact that our army has a foe in the front ought to save it from such foes in the rear. The Government's duty for the summer is to urge forward the draft, that before autumn leaves are red, every skeleton of a regiment now in the field shall be fleshed out to its full. The sooner the conscription is made, the sooner the rebellion will fall to dust and ashes. The Richmond papers are already congratulating themselves that the Riot in New York has dropped a veto upon the conscription, and that Gen. Meade, without an increase of his army, will never conquer his adversary who, at the decree of Jefferson Davis, is shortly to be re-enforced by every able-bodied man in the Confederate States. Is it not the world's proverb, to learn from an enemy? The enemy sets us the example of enforcing the draft. The army of the Potomac has a new and strange need: for while heretofore it needed never men but a general, now, having a general, it needs men. And it must have them, though a hundred more Irish rioters are to be shot down in the streets!

Is it not the suggestion of commen sense—too obvious to be called strategy—that a time when our enemies are broken by defeats, and plucked bare of one hundred thousand men, is just the time for the President to gather his weapons as Jupiter his thunderbolts, and to strike the final blow of the war? We therefore hope speedily to see the armies of the Union re-enforced to their fullest need, that at last a time may come when Mr. Seward's prophecy shall be fulfill ed, and the war be ended in ninety days.

But even after the striking of the last victorious blow, there will still be a danger of defeat—not in the strife of battle, but in the strategy of diplomacy. Even in a time of thanksgiving, we cannot put away the sad reflection that during the whole progress of the war, the best lovers of their country, the best wishers of its prosperity, have sometimes not known which to deplore most—our victories or our defeats. For while defeats, by the sacrifice of the brave dead, have cost the nation its tears—victories, by looking forward to compromise, have threatened to cost the nation its honor. Is it possible (we sometimes ask ourselves) that after such a war—the most memorable of all time—so prodigal of money and of life—so fruitful of blunders and bitter experience—the end, after all, is to be nothing better than shame? But if the war have any other end than Liberty, its end will be shame; it will have been waged in vain. If Peace, on her restoration, comes bringing chains in her hands to bind anew the slave to his captivity, the costly sacrifices of the war will have been for naught. After so precious an outlay, who will be content with so worthless a return? The least cost of the war is the money it squanders. Who can count its greater cost in heart-breaks? What shall be the requital for these sorrows? We saw on the gravestone of a soldier in Pennsylvania this inscription: "A willing sacrifice to the great principle of Liberty." He was the only son of his mother, and the legend was of her own devising. But if the war bear not a fruitage of Liberty, that woman's single comforting thought, on the death of her son, will be turned to bitter disappointment. But she is only one among many weepers. Mothers in New England and on the Prairies, whose sons have been struck down unto unmonumented graves,—what recompense can they have for their slain, if Liberty also be lost?

But Liberty must be saved. The duty devolves upon this generation to cleanse this land from slavery. Vain is it to say, as some are saying, that the problem will be best left to the disposal of God's providence. Men, seeking to get rid of their duties, may cast them upon God, but God straightway casts them back upon men. He helps those who help themselves. If we are to have the aid of Providence in getting rid of slavery, we must first seek to overthrow it by our own hands. And above all things, let not any simple-minded man be now beguiled by the craft of politicians into letting alone the work at the propitious hour when success so nearly crowns it. Designing managers, who stand openly for the North, but work secretly for the South, are already seeking to degrade our victories into worse than honorable defeats, by opening a way for dishonorable concession to the enemy, before even the enemy himself asks for it. But having brought our foe to our feet, shall we ourselves kneel and surrender? Was there ever a proposition of greater baseness than that the North, having a righteous cause, to which God is now adding victory after victory, should now, at a time when these victories have accumulated into a public thanksgiving, be asked to unbind the laurels from her head and to cast them into the dust? An honest man who now proposes conciliation does not comprehend the crisis. But there are only a few honest men who propose such a course. The policy of compromise belongs almost exclusively to those among the miscalled friends of the North whose fitter citizenship would now be in the enemy's country. But whether among true friends or disguised foes, whoever may now be ready to compromise, let them take note that ourselves are not of the number. From the beginning, this journal opposed all compromises with slavery. It will oppose them to the end. Terms? We are willing to talk of terms only as giving, not as taking them. The South may do herself grace by bowing in humble courtesy to the North, but the North must have iron knees that cannot bend. Let the Federal Government listen to no breath from Richmond except unconditional surrender.

Is it possible that the South has been in earnest for three years, and the North is only half in earnest to this day? It is the melancholy truth. It is time that the patriotism of the North be rearoused. Let the love of Liberty be reawakened. Let the public opinion in favor of Human Rights be strengthened till it shall stand as an armed man. Let a Christian hatred of oppression fire men's hearts with a holy zeal. Let loyal men—lovers of liberty and of their fellow-men—unite in a sacred determination that Slavery, having taken the sword, shall perish by the sword. The North, striking in earnest, will dash the rebellion to pieces; but striking only half-meant blows, will be itself broken.

The only Peace for this country is Freedom. Any other peace is suppressed war. Shall we then suffer ourselves to be cheated into a cunning settlement by which Freedom shall be defrauded, and Justice overthrown? Shall we consent to a fictitious peace which is nothing but war under the surface? Shall we only half quench the flame, and leave it threatening once more to consume us? Shall we agree to walk on the ashes, till our feet are once more scorched with fire?

Let us be wise by what we have suffered. Let us learn prudence from our bitter experience. Let us be led into no snare of evil men. Having chosen our cause without reproach, let us maintain it without fear. The way to final victory is now straight before our feet, and illumined of the sun. The only danger now consists in turning either to the right or the left. Our chief foes are now those of our own household. Let the approaching day of thanksgiving be a day for warning. Wherever a bell shall call a Christian congregation to offer gratitude to the God of Battles, let the pulpit speak with a plainness of speech which the commonest man shall understand, and bear an honest witness to the perils of the hour. With these admonitory hints, appropriate for the Sixth of August, our hearts joyfully incline us to say with the Psalmist, "*Offer unto God thy thanks-giving, and pay thy vows unto the Most High.*"

FORT WAGNER.

The fall of Sumter began the war; the fall of Sumter will go far to end it. Such is men's faith, founded sometimes in reason, sometimes in that belief in coincidence which is full of a sort of prophetic spirit which insures its own fulfillment. In either case, the fall of Charleston will be a great event, both at home and abroad, among loyal men and rebels. It will be a great event to scatter and burn the nest where the scorpions of treason were born; to reduce the place whose moral and commercial value the rebels have never lost sight of, and on whose defense they have exhausted all their efforts.

But Charleston is not to be taken in a day for these very reasons. It does not become us, therefore, to be impatient at delay, or even at disaster; for great results must be preceded by much effort, and often by many failures. That our forces have been twice repulsed from Fort Wagner is not, in itself, disheartening; for the capture of that work is precisely that first step that costs—that first irremediable loss to the rebels which will make their defense thereafter merely a brief delay of an inevitable calamity. We nevertheless have a right to expect that in an undertaking of such magnitude and importance no precautions to make it successful should be omitted; that there should be neither undue haste nor unnecessary delay. It is not that so large a force is wanted, or that a whole navy shall be employed, so that as to ships and men there need be no embarrassment; but each and all should be at the right place at the right moment. The task so far is not beyond the ability of any good expressman or railroad superintendent; but after that it wants a soldier.

It wants a soldier of brains as well as of bravery, and he being absent we shall never take Charleston. General Gillmore is a man of great ability, but in this last attack upon Fort Wagner there seem to have been more blunders, either moral or material, than can bear to be repeated often with any other result than final defeat. The fort was bombarded all day, almost without reply, and because it was silent the conclusion was come to, not that it was reserving its strength, but that it was exhausted. Then an assault was ordered, it seems, upon a hasty consultation, made without due preparation, without method, but only with splendid dash and daring which it stirs the blood to read of, and makes us proud of these Northern soldiers; but, alas! unseals also the fountains of many tears that such precious lives should have been thrown away, only to show how much brave men can dare. For two hours the fort was occupied by men who literally fought for the ground they stood upon—carried and occupied first by one brigade, under General Strong, which, when it was forced at last to yield, left every officer in it behind, either dead or wounded, above a major—carried and occupied again, by another brigade, under acting General Putnam, after the first had been scattered and cut to pieces, and this, in its turn, to be repulsed with great slaughter, in lack of support with which a reserve force should have succored it. The steady march along the beach under the direct fire from the point of attack, and the enfilading fire of other forts; the dash through ditch and over parapet right into the stronghold of the enemy, to fight there—first one brigade and then the other—for two long hours, are noble deeds of heroism. But why were they unavailing? Why do the lives of these thousand men count only for loss?

No, not all for loss, though the gain is one which *they* did not reckon upon, and perhaps do not value, who had the direction of these events. The post of honor in that first splendid charge was given to the 54th Massachusetts Regiment of colored men, under Col. Robert G. Shaw. Veteran regiments followed it, but the black men, just from a march of 13 miles—13 miles, remember, of a South Carolina midsummer—led the assault. Is it meant as an acknowledgment of the soldierly qualities of the black man, that wherever there is the work of a forlorn hope to be done, as at Port Hudson and Fort Wagner, he, though only a few weeks in the ranks, is preferred over the veteran white soldier? We do not care to ask if there is any other motive; it is enough that the black man justifies any confidence, even to rashness, in his courage and devotion, and proves beyond all cavil his possession of the fighting faculty, putting thereby all vilifiers to shame, however much they may rejoice in his slaughter.

The 54th Massachusetts was led by a commander whose gentle and manly qualities, whose kind and considerate treatment of his men, had won their love and enthusiastic personal devotion, while his calm and cheerful courage was a constant example which they would have been ashamed not to imitate. He waved them forward from the parapet when he fell, but they fought till three hundred of their comrades lay beside and around him, and only a boy lieutenant was left of all their officers to lead them out of a fight that was hopeless. The general—Stevenson—who was in command of the reserve that should have come to their rescue, and made Fort Wagner our own, was arrested some months ago—just before he was made a Brigadier, to the discredit of the U. S. Senate—for declaring that he would rather be defeated than victorious with black soldiers. No general orders will report that Gen. Stevenson was defeated, or that black men were victorious at Fort Wagner; but there is a verdict higher and more just than official reports, and this will pass judgment on the character of the courage of the negro soldier, and the spirit of the words of the white copperhead colonel. The representative facts of this Boston black regiment, and this Boston white general, thus face to face, in word and in action, are among the significations with which the times abound, and which wise men heed.

Such are the laurels of Fort Wagner; but the losses, when looked at from that side, only are such as we ought not to repeat.

DEATH OF SENATOR CRITTENDEN.

Hon. John J. Crittenden of Kentucky died at his home in Frankfort on Sunday last, aged 77 years. After serving for several years as Speaker in the state legislature, he was elected to the Senate of the United States in 1817, to serve out an unexpired term of two years. He was again elected to the Senate in 1835 for six years; again in 1842 to fill out the term of Henry Clay on his famous retirement; and again for six years from 1855. He was Attorney-General of the United States during President Harrison's brief term, and again under Mr. Fillmore after the death of Gen. Taylor. He was Governor of Kentucky for two years from 1848. At the end of his last term in the Senate, he was elected to the House of Representatives for the last Congress, and was a candidate for re-election at the time of his decease. He was a man of ability as a lawyer, of narrow views as a statesman, and of general ill-success as a politician. He gained *eclat* by being chosen to the Senate as the successor of Henry Clay, whose *role* he vainly endeavored to play over again in the support of the Protection System and the National Bank, and also in favoring that system of treatment of the demands and aggressions of the slave interest which is fancifully called "Compromise," and which consists in buying it off by conceding only a part of its demands at a time. He had been supposed to possess some anti-slavery sentiments, but his activity in forcing through Congress the infamous Fillmore-Webster Fugitive-Slave Act determined his position. His famous "Resolutions" of surrender, urged so strenuously *after* the revolt of South Carolina, and his efforts with John Tyler and others in the "Peace Convention," are fresh in memory. His course in the last Congress was professedly loyal, but always in opposition to vigorous measures, although less offensive than that of Wickliffe. He declared himself fully in favor of the Union, except in certain contingencies. The baleful "neutrality" adopted by Kentucky in the early part of the rebellion, until she was invaded by Bishop-General Polk, was understood to meet his approval. He had sons in both armies, and his last days were sorrowful enough under public and private calamities, of which he was unable to see any hopeful issue. In his personal character, he was courteous and upright, and enjoyed the respect of his associates to the end. His name has been mentioned as a candidate of the "Peace Party" at the ensuing Presidential election. Considering the position which he held as the ostensible leader of the Pro-slavery Union party in the Border states, his removal is likely to make some important changes in the course of political events, inasmuch as there is no man who is likely to wear his mantle.

Mayor Opdyke's Veto.—The Mayor of New York deserves the thanks of the best citizens for the veto of the measure lately proposed by the aldermen to pay the exemption-fee of drafted men. That measure was a bone thrown to a barking mob, and would have been cowardly except that it was proposed not in cowardice but in disloyalty. Its design was to cheat the Government of soldiers. The aldermen are in some respects more gentlemanly than rioters, but in their hostility to the Government they do not greatly differ from Gov. Seymour's "friends." Is it not plain that the Government, by a draft, wanted men and not money? Why, then, does the Board of Aldermen try to cheat the Government of its due? This same Board, for party reasons, lately proffered extraordinary honors to a late commander of the Army of the Potomac. We suggest that it should now, for patriotic reasons, consult the rank and file of that army to know whether or not the soldiers in the field are in favor of a draft among their friends at home. The Mayor's veto uses plain speech in speaking of the late riot, charging it upon Northern conspirators in the interest of the Southern rebellion. He says also:

"A riot is never to be propitiated; but a riot begun under such circumstances is to be met with nothing but defiance. Any concession to it, real or seeming, is full of danger. For my own part, I will have nothing to do with it but to employ whatever power I possess to aid in crushing it at all hazards."

This extract speaks the truth, and has the right ring. If we are to have a rebellion in the North, let us fight it out now, and have it the sooner over. If there is not pluck enough in the better blood of this city to overmaster its riotous rowdies, not only we but the rioters themselves will be greatly surprised.

AN APPEAL.

To the Editors of The Independent:

After an earnest effort of years' duration to establish *The Anglo-African*, a newspaper specially adapted to the best interests of the colored people, we find ourselves suddenly deprived of the support which many of them had given us, by reason of their flight from outrage and massacre. Our city circulation, which was our main dependence, has been entirely broken up. In this emergency, we are compelled to appeal to the friends of such an enterprise, and of the wronged and outraged black man, to come forward and help us, either by subscribing for the paper, which is two dollars a year, or donating such amounts as their generosity may direct.

Robt. Hamilton, Publisher,
No. 50 Beekman street, N. Y.

—We cheerfully give place to Mr. Hamilton's appeal, and volunteer our testimony that his paper is a good one of its class—honest, faithful, truthful, and of good intent. We are constrained to add, however, that the *class* is a mistaken one. Our countrymen of African lineage are not primarily and predominantly negroes, but men—most of them, we trust, Christians; and everything which tends to isolate and separate them—to render them exclusive, peculiar, clannish—is ill-considered. Their education and knowledge are generally defective, and they need journals and periodicals—the very best that can be had—but not specially 'African' or class journals. He was a slave, and perhaps an African, who nobly said, "I am a man, and whatever concerns Humanity concerns me." We entreat that our colored friends shall think and speak of themselves less as negroes and more as men than has been their custom. If there were no periodicals in existence that treated them justly as participants in the "one blood" whereof it has pleased our Heavenly Father to make "all the nations of the earth," then they might be forced in self-defense to establish journals not, indeed, specially African, but broadly and justly human. As this, however, is very far from being the case, we hope soon to announce that the last distinctively 'African' paper has been discontinued.

WHAT THE MORMONS ARE DOING.

We have almost forgotten the Mormons. Isolated from the rest of mankind in their far Western wilderness, the saints of Utah have claimed as little of our attention as the savages of Timbuctoo. But though overlooked for the moment, they have not neglected to make the most of the opportunity thus presented for prosecuting, as it were, under the cover of darkness, their proselyting labors among the nations of Europe. With what success their emissaries have worked upon the superstition and credulity of the more ignorant classes of people in the old world, is shown by the constantly increasing stream of Mormon immigration which pours into our Atlantic ports. Last week above sixteen hundred converts to this vile delusion arrived at New York from Liverpool and London. The majority of these people were well-dressed, respectable, and civil spoken; and the only circumstance which would suggest a doubt as to their intelligence, was their firm belief in a "religion" so debasing and vile as the Mormon.

It is interesting to know where the emissaries of Mormonism have met with their greatest success. In the selection of missionary fields they have displayed the cunning of the serpent. Avoiding in general the more cultivated and intelligent parts of Europe, they have labored chiefly among the ignorant and superstitious peasantry of Sweden, Norway, and Wales. In all these countries they have pursued a cautious, underhand, but persistent and effective system of tactics, which has resulted in astonishing success. Their progress has been silent and rapid; and in order to avoid suspicion, and disarm the opposition of the clergy, they have resorted to very ingenious measures to conceal the development of their plans. Among others, they have organized emigration societies, with large funds at their disposal; and through these agencies converts are shipped off to Utah as fast as they are made. While employing every artifice to avoid publicity,—because they know that their deeds are evil,—they labor insidiously among the common people. Their great gatherings are held in the open air, and always after nightfall. They celebrate baptisms by moonlight, or by the wild glare of pine torches. The secrecy, the picturesqueness, the sublimity of these nightly assemblies, have a strange and wonderful effect on the superstitious minds of the peasantry. In all the above-named countries, the lower classes of people are characterized by a mournful tendency to superstition, as if the old leaven of their monstrous mythology were still working in their souls.

It is not strange, though it is sad, that these false missionaries should find their most numerous converts among the gentler sex. The life of a peasant woman in these countries is one of great hardship, and no one can wonder that they catch eagerly at the opportunity of alleviating their miserable lot. In order to entrap those whose virtuous instincts rebel against the principle of polygamy, they have partially ignored that doctrine; and multitudes of young women go out to Utah expecting to be the one wife of a devoted and prosperous husband. But we read of one old woman of sixty, a native of Wales, eloping from a venerable spouse of seventy-five in the forlorn hope of becoming the *twelfth* wife of a patriarch in Utah! The majority of the female emigrants are, however, young and good-looking. The agents are said to devote their proselytizing efforts chiefly to the fair sex, well knowing that the young men will follow so attractive a lure of their own accord.

Miracles, being difficult to manage effectively, have fallen into disrepute with these missionaries, who make only occasional efforts to practice in this manner on the credulity of their dupes. We give one or two examples. An unknown man, with a humped back, was recently introduced into a Mormon assembly, with the announcement that the deformity was to be removed by a miracle. Every one in the vast gathering was eager to behold the wonder; but the shrewd "elders" didn't see it in that light, and pretending that even the miraculous removal of such a hump would be a disagreeable spectacle, they would save the delicate sensibilities of the audience by performing the operation in a little tent! They retired with the afflicted brother. Long and boisterous prayers were offered upon his behalf; and when, after the lapse of an hour, the curtain was drawn aside, the man came forth, erect and smiling. A solemn thanksgiving was held for his miraculous deliverance! A few incredulous persons made a sly reconnoissance behind the curtain, where they found a suspicious bag of sawdust, about the size of the hump which had been removed from the stranger's back. But for all that, it was declared to be a true miracle, and fairly done.

Another attempt at deception had a ludicrous termination. An unbelieving wife was persuaded by her husband, a zealous Mormon, to attend a nightly meeting in the woods, where she was promised a sight of the angels of the Lord. During the service the torches were suddenly extinguished; and in the unbroken silence and solemn gloom of the hour, white figures were dimly discerned moving about among the assembly. Soon afterwards the skeptical woman, who was not in the least terrified by the sheeted ghosts, perceived several small white objects—infant angels—stirring near her feet, with a shaky motion and leaf-like rustle. One of these she seized with most irreverent presence of mind, and carried home in her pocket. On examination it was found to be a paper bag, animated by a dear little angel of a tree-toad! But this was declared to be a miraculous transformation, to punish unbelief and presumption!

The Mormon missionaries have adopted a peculiar method of preaching. Avoiding argument, they appeal wholly to the imagination and the senses. They draw glowing pictures of the life of the saints at Utah, depicting their happiness, their prosperity, their freedom from oppressive laws and customs, in terms that cannot fail to captivate the hearts of the wretched and the oppressed. The poor father, who forces a miserable existence from the churlish soil, whose life is uncheered by a single ray of hope for the better who sees his children growing up in the same hopeless misery, grasps eagerly at the hand which holds out to him the picture of comfort, ease, and prosperity in a country where fertile land is cheap, where the laws are just, where no superior orders tyrannize over the weak and defenseless. When we consider the power of this temptation, and remember that the forms of error are infinite, while there is "but one way to be in the right," ought we to wonder that so many of the weak and ignorant are led astray? Is it not more wonderful that the number should be comparatively so small?

An Episcopal Downfall.—The unhappy Bishop of Rochester, in England, whose tribulations we described two or three weeks ago, has had a most unpleasant time of it. It will be recollected that he was the Bishop who committed the stupidity of chiding one of his curates for raising sheep, for the reason that it was a vulgar occupation, and for consorting with farmers, because they were low people—not at all fit, in the Bishop's eyes, for companionship with men of the gown and bands. The tide, however, seems to have suddenly turned, throwing this conceited prelate flat upon his back. The sheep have been too much for the dignified shepherd. In the last English mail we read that at all the ordinaries and public dinners "the Bishop and the Clergy" was a toast which nobody would honor—that his superciliousness had provoked all manner of unpleasant speeches from the indignant sheep of the Bishop's spiritual fold—and that finally the snubbings he had to endure became so intolerable that he felt himself compelled to "apologize to the farmers, and to give the assurance "that he never intended to speak disparagingly of "them." This Bishop has therefore learned, in a hard way, the useful lesson that the work of a Christian pastor lies in and among his people, and that the more he enters into their ways of thought, the better he can guide and counsel them. It does not promote Christian fellowship to stand aloof like the Pharisee.

A Brave Man's Death.—Among the many brave young men who now sleep in honorable graves, the nation's gratitude resting over them as their monument, there has been none braver than Lieut. Robt. S. Edwards, who was killed at the head of his company in the attack on Fort Wagner. Young Edwards was a member of Dr. Storrs's church, Brooklyn, joined the 48th Regiment raised in that city, served efficiently in the famous attack on Fort Pulaski, and labored faithfully and well in many less conspicuous enterprises of his regiment. On the night of the fatal assault, he was last seen on the parapet, waving his sword and cheering on his men, when he was suddenly shot, and, as is supposed, fell into the water of the trench—his body not being recovered. A Christian man, he neither feared death, nor courted it, but bravely met it; and his memory is fragrant in a thousand hearts.

A Faithful Priest.—One of the Roman Catholic priests of Newark, New Jersey, told his flock some days since that if he should at any time hear of the perpetration, by an Irishman, of any outrage whatever upon any colored citizen, he should immediately seek out and protect in his own house the person so assailed.

If we knew the name of the above clergyman, we would print it to his honor. If the Archbishop of New York ever gave utterance to such an honorable sentiment, we have never heard of it.

Mr. Henry Wood.—We regret that in our paper of the 2d inst., a notice appeared in the personal column reflecting upon the gentleman whose name heads this paragraph. It was inserted without our knowledge otherwise it would not have appeared; and it affords us great pleasure to make the correction.

We are fully satisfied that great injustice has been done Mr. Wood so far as the statement of facts is concerned, and we most cheerfully make the *amende honorable* by withdrawing the notice; while we hope that those who have seen the article referred to will perceive by this, that *The Independent* is not, and will not be made, a vehicle of detraction in any circumstances whatsoever.

Magazines Edited by College Boys.—The English literary papers are greatly edified at the appearance of a magazine established by the Eton boys. It is called the *Etonensia*, and the first number contains an essay on Arthur Hallam, and another, which is highly praised as a work of literary skill, on "Words set to Music." The young editors, too, have a magnificent range of thought, for they gravely announce the rejection of one essay on the ground that "its want of the poetic element disqualifies it at once from appearance in our pages!"

Nevertheless, while this praiseworthy but somewhat ambitious literary enterprise of the Eton boys is good enough, so far as it goes, it should not be forgotten that there are half a dozen American colleges—Yale among the number—where similar magazines were started many years ago, edited exclusively by the students, and exceedingly creditable to them, too.

Do not curses come home to roost? Mr. Vallandigham, who heretofore has spent a good deal of his rhetoric in cursing Great Britain, is now, during his Canadian stay, covered with these old speeches, quoted upon him in heaps by the Canadian press.

The rebuilding of the Colored Orphan Asylum, lately destroyed by the riot in this city, has been proposed in the Common Council, where, we are glad to know, a disposition prevails favorable to the project. If the city does not replace every stone of that ruin and make good every cent of the loss, it will leave undone a solemn act of justice, and good citizens will be ashamed of their own city.

Mr. Beecher.—Our readers will find on the inside of this sheet an article from *The London Daily News*, and some notices from other English papers, concerning Mr. Beecher.

We once saw in Theodore Parker's Library, hanging on the wall, a framed autograph of Thomas Sims, the fugitive slave who was sent out of that state some years ago with such a solemn mockery of justice—leaving behind him, as he went back to his bonds, this relic from his hand, and a shadow over the whole city of Boston. Did any one at that time hazard a thought that Sims was likely ever to see a free city again? When that same slave lately escaped from Vicksburg and returned to Boston, the many congratulations which he received amounted almost to a public reception. More recently still, he was lifted to an equality of honor with the sons of Edward Everett, by being drafted into the service of the United States. The Good Cause is moving forward, like the giant with the seven-leagued boots in the fairy tale!

Mr. Lincoln told a friend of ours that Gen. Kilpatrick's coming to our riotous city was not on account of his name.

MRS. BROWNING'S ESSAYS.*

BY REV. GILBERT HAVEN.

Having had the privilege of conversing with Mr. Browning about this volume while it was going through the English press, and having almost had the privilege of bringing its proof-sheets to the editor-in-chief *pro tem.* of *The Independent*, I have a sort of personal interest in it that may prevent that cool judgment which everybody expects, but nobody sees, in a critic. It is fortunate for it that it was not my companion in the miseries of the Atlantic Ferry. Had it been, it would have reeled and sickened to my gaze for ever after. As it is, when I look upon it, it seems a pleasant connective of America with the Warwick-crescent parlor.

But it possesses more than private or personal attractions, and its real virtues merit for it a larger space in *The Independent* than it has yet received. It is the last published, as well as almost the first published effort of the great genius, whose dying song floated upon the greedy ear of the public through these columns. It is also her only appearance in the undress of prose. One likes to know how poets talk as well as sing. Byron's and Burns's letters are almost as popular as their poems. Who wouldn't like to see a private note of Tennyson, and learn if, like Johnson, he is but a man when he is talking to concrete men? Here we have the learned prattle of a fine poet, and we find it, as we might have supposed, full of the elements that have given her her lofty name. It consists of two papers—one on the Greek Christian poets, and one on the English. The first is a new theme, never explored before by an English writer competent to apprehend with intelligence and sympathy, and to utter fittingly the fruit of Grecian genius as affected by Christianity.

It covers the whole period of Greek Christian culture from Clemens Alexandrinus, the tutor of Origen, to Maximus Margemius of Crete and the XIVth century.

Of the most famous she gives bits of their lives and bits of their poetry—the last their highest life, and by her graceful pen translated into a yet higher life. We would fain give many excerpts from both her prose and poetry, but the limitations of a newspaper are as narrow as a Chinese lady's slipper, and, like that, if fashionable and popular with others, exceedingly painful to the repressed freedom of the subject.

A superb eulogy opens the essay—ringing with force and melody. Here is a line from a hundred as good on the Greek language. You will notice that a part of this has been resolved into poetry by herself in her "Vision of the Poets." "Blind Homer spoke this Greek with a quenchless light about his brows which he felt through his blindness. Pindar rolled his chariots in it, prolonging the clamor of the games. Sappho's heart beat up through it, and heaved up the world's. Æschylus strained it to the stature of his high thoughts. Plato crowned it with his divine peradventures. Aristophanes made it drunk with the wine of his fantastic merriment. The later Platonists wove their souls away in it, out of sight of other souls. The first Christians heard in it God's new revelation, and confessed their Christ in it from the suppliant's knee, and presently from the bishop's throne. Through the long summer of above two thousand years from the grasshopper Homer sang of to that of Manuel Phile, which might indeed have been 'a burden,' we can in no wise mistake the chirping of the bloodless, deathless, wondrous creature. It chirps on in Greek still." She makes a fine distinction between the Greek before and after Christ, and confesses that the new wine of the Gospel needed new bottles of human language in which to ripen and reveal its matchless sweetness. Hebrew, Greek, and Latin might answer for the times of Christian fœtalism and infancy, but its full growth required the wider ranging tongues of modern Italian, German, and English, the children not of heathen thinkers, but exclusively of Christianity.

A fine hit at the unity of the fathers on page 18 upsets many a Papal and Anglo-catholic opinion on the infallibility of tradition and its primitive traditors. "These fatherly opinions are in truth as multiform and multitudinous as the fatherly sublime gray hairs. There is not only a father apiece for every child, but not to speak unfilially, a piece of every father for every child. Justin Martyr would, of himself, set up a wilderness of sects, besides something over for the future ramifications of each several one."

But to the poets; Gregory Nazianzen, Synesius, pupil of Hypatia and half Neo-Platonist, and John of Damascus, are the chief three.

Of the first she gives a full specimen, in an ode on "Soul and Body." Though ascetic in its doctrines, it is sweet even to sweetness in its rhythm. How dared he to put the anchorite's plea into such Sybarite strains? Thus he "takes off" ancient ministers' and laymen's wooing and wedding:

> "Wilt be bound
> Fast in marriage (joy unsound!)
> Wilt thou catch
> That sweet sickness? and to match it,
> Have babies by the hearth, bewildering—
> And if I tell thee the best children
> Are none, what answer?"

Were very easy to answer, one would think. But probably many thought this, as many other absurd theories of those times, and as we do many now repugnant, invulnerable and eternal.

He breaks forth in lofty strains that make us forget these needless mortifications:

> "What wilt thou be,
> O my soul?—a deity?
> Standing glorious in his glories,
> Choral in His angels' chorus,"

He sets forth the true service of soul and body, closing with this prayer:

> "Lead me closer to the tree
> Of all life's Eternity;
> Which as I have pondered, is
> The knowledge of God's greatnesses,
> Light of One and shine of Three,
> Unto whom all things that be
> Flow and tend."

* Essays on the Greek Christian Poets and the English Poets, by Elizabeth Barrett Browning. New York: published by Jas. Miller, No. 522 Broadway. Blue and gold. pp. 233.

To Synesius she gives the first place in her category. Her sketch of him and translations of two of his odes are worth transcription to these columns. Let every lover of religious poetry that is poetry—a rare thing among religious poems—read them.

John of Damascus, she aptly says, in the eighth century and in his native city held up "an unsheathed sword of controversy until the point drew down the lightning." He retreated to Mar Saba in the wilderness of Judea, where his tomb is yet shown to travelers to the Jordan. An exquisitely tender prayer she translates into exquisitely tender English. Here are fragments of it:

"From my lips in their defilement,
From my heart in its beguilement,
From my tongue which speaks not fair,
From my soul stained everywhere,
O my Jesus, take my prayer!
* * * * * * *
I have sinned more than she
Who, learning where to meet with Thee,
And bringing myrrh the highest-priced,
Anointed bravely from her knee
Thy blessed feet accordingly.
My God, my Lord, my Christ!
As Thou saidest not 'Depart'
To that suppliant from her heart,
Scorn me not, O Thou, that art
The gentlest one of all words said!
But give Thy feet to me instead,
That tenderly I may them kiss,
And clasp them close, and never miss,
With overdropping tears as free
And precious as that myrrh could be,
To anoint them bravely from my knee.
* * * * * * *
Thou remit my sins who knowest
All the sinning to the lowest—
Hearest all my wailings low
That mine evil should be so!
Nothing hidden but appears
In thy knowledge, O Divine,
O Creator, Savior mine—
Not a drop of falling tears,
Not a breath of inward moan,
Not a heart-beat—which is gone!"

"After this deep pathos of Christianity," she well adds, "we dare not say a word. We dare not praise it as poetry. Our heart is stirred, and not 'idly.' The only sound which can fitly succeed the cry of the contrite soul, is that of divine condonation or of angelic rejoicing. Let us who are sorrowful still, be silent too."

But we can linger no longer over this half posthumous treasure, gleaned from forgotten corners of long-dead monthlies. The fine sketch of the rise and progress of English poetry, vigorous and brilliant with her raciest thought, must pass unnoticed. If you wish to enjoy a post-mortem communion with the soul of this great Christian poet, "revisiting the glimpses of the moon," you can find that gratification in these poetic essays on poetry.

U. S. CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

FOR THE DAY OF NATIONAL THANKSGIVING, PRAYER, AND PRAISE.

To Ministers and Churches of all Denominations throughout the Loyal States:

The U. S. Christian Commission respectfully requests collections on National Thanksgiving Day, Aug. 6, in aid of the work of relieving and benefiting the men of our army and navy. About *one thousand delegates*, ministers and laymen, have been sent forth in all, and about *eight thousand boxes* of stores and publications distributed by them, in the various military departments and naval stations.

At Gettysburg not far from *three hundred delegates* labored, and about *one thousand boxes* of stores were distributed by them personally to the wounded.

The following noble, unsolicited letter from the Surgeon-General, the highest medical authority in the army, will show the value of the special work on the battle-field:

SURGEON-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Washington, D. C., July 20, 1863.

DEAR SIR: I beg that you will accept my most heartfelt thanks for the devotion to the service of the sick and wounded soldiers at Gettysburg manifested by the Christian Commission and its agents.

Owing to the military necessities of the occasion, the suffering would have been much greater than it was but for the aid afforded the medical officers by the benevolent individuals who came to their assistance.

I trust you will convey my thanks to those of your body who acted with the Medical Department at Gettysburg, and assure them how highly I value their labors. Begging you to accept my warmest acknowledgments for your own service in the cause of humanity, believe me, yours sincerely,

WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, Surgeon-General.

George H. Stuart, Esq., Chairman U. S. Christian Commission, Philadelphia, Pa.

Testimonials are not necessary to prove the well-known efficiency of the general work of the Commission. Comfort, relief, and instruction have been given to hundreds of thousands, multitudes of lives have been saved by the timely aid rendered, the Gospel has been preached to multitudes of eager listeners, the Word of God and good religious reading matter have been largely distributed, and thousands of our brave men have been hopefully converted to God.

Liberality on the day of rejoicing for God's favor and our national successes may enable us to extend this great work.

Contributions may be sent to Joseph Patterson, Esq., Treasurer, at Western Bank, Philadelphia, James M. Brown, (Brown Bros. & Co.,) 59 Wall street, N. Y., or to the Treasurer of the nearest local Committee. GEORGE H. STUART, Chairman.

NOTICES.

MARRIED.

ENSIGN—TOY—In the M. E. church, Simsbury, Conn., July 23, by Rev. A. Hill, Mr. Ralph H. Ensign to Susie M., second daughter of Joseph Toy, Esq., all of Simsbury. No cards.

QUICK—MERRITT—At the Congregational church in Framingham, July 16, by Rev. B. G. Northrop, assisted by Rev. John McLane, Rev. Abram J. Quick of Richmond, Mass., to Miss Frances Merritt of Framingham.

BOURNE—KETCHUM—On Wednesday, July 15, at Harlem, N. Y., by Rev. Alexander Phoenix, assisted by Rev. John Willard, Rev. S. Bourne, Jr., to Susan, daughter of Edgar Ketchum, Esq.

EDDY—RICKER—In Exeter, N. H., July 16, by Rev. N. Hooper, Dea Winslow S. Eddy of Clarendon, Vt., to Miss Susan P. Ricker of Exeter.

TUBBY—DODGE—In Avon, Lake county, Ill., on Saturday, July 18, by the Rev. Wm. B. Dodge, Mr. S. H. Tukey of New York to Miss Julia C. Dodge of Avon.

POWERS—CRONE—On Wednesday evening, July 22, in Otisco, N. Y., by Rev. J. Elmendorf, Rev. P. O. Powers of Oneida Lake to Mrs. Ann Eliza Crone of the former place. No cards.

DIED.

BENEDICT—At Davenport Ridge, Stamford, Conn., July 23 1863, of teething, Theodore Dwight, twin son of Amzi Benedict and Jane J. Davenport, aged 10 months and 23 days. The remains were taken to Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn for interment.

STOVELL—In New Orleans, La., July 5, after a short illness Deacon John Stovell of Moravia, N. Y., and of the 160th Regt. N. Y. State Volunteers, aged 62 years.

CADY—Killed by Sioux Indians, near Lake Kandiyohi, Minnesota, June 11, Captain John Stovell Cady, of Anoka, Min., and of the 8th Regiment Min. Volunteers, at the age of 27 years—youngest son of the late Artemas and Lois Cady, of Moravia, N. Y.

ARNOLD—In Scott, Cortland co., N. Y., Sabbath evening, July 19, at the residence of her son-in-law, J. G. Alvord, Mrs. Eunice Arnold, in the 84th year of her age.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

L. D. OLMSTED & CO.,
CHICAGO, ILL.
LYMAN BAIRD. FRANCIS BRADLEY.
LOAN AND COLLECTION AGENCY.

INVESTMENTS MADE,
AMPLY SECURED BY MORTGAGE
ON PROPERTY IN CHICAGO.

NOTES AND DRAFTS COLLECTED, AND OLD CLAIMS ADJUSTED AND SECURED.

References to correspondents at different points East will be furnished, with circulars, giving details of business, to any one applying by letter.

WILLIAM H. MARSTON,
BANKER AND BROKER,
No. 36 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

Deals in *GOVERNMENT SECURITIES* of all kinds; Buys and sells *STOCKS, BONDS,* and *GOLD* at the *BOARD OF BROKERS, EXCLUSIVELY ON COMMISSION*; Collects *MATURING "CERTIFICATES OF INDEBTEDNESS,"* and remits the interest in *GOLD*, or accounts for the same at the market rate in currency.

All business intrusted to him will receive his *PERSONAL ATTENTION.*

☞ *INTEREST* allowed on *SPECIAL DEPOSITS.*

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,
Office No. 135 Broadway,
New York, July 21, 1863.

A DIVIDEND OF FIVE PER CENT. ON THE Capital Stock of the Company has been declared this day, payable on demand.

JOHN McGEE, Secretary.

AGENCY OF THE
U. S. 5-20 YEAR 6 PER CENT. LOAN.
OFFICE OF
LIVERMORE, CLEWS & CO.,
No. 34 WALL ST., N. Y.

We are instructed to continue as AGENTS to supply these Bonds AT PAR, interest in Gold, commencing at the time of subscription.

Orders, accompanied by draft or current funds, will receive prompt attention.

LIVERMORE, CLEWS & CO.,
BANKERS AND DEALERS IN SECURITIES AND GOLD.

FISK & HATCH,
BANKERS
AND
DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
AGENTS FOR THE U. S. FIVE TWENTY LOAN,

are prepared to furnish the U. S. FIVE TWENTY-YEAR SIX PER CENT. BONDS, direct from the Government, at PAR and ACCRUED INTEREST, as heretofore.

It having been determined to extend the time for the issue of FIVE-TWENTY BONDS, we shall continue to act as agents and furnish the bonds as heretofore at par, with interest commencing from date of subscription.

We also keep on hand a constant supply of all classes of Government Securities, for sale at the lowest market rates.

U. S. 7-30 TREASURY NOTES.
U. S. SIX PER CENT. BONDS of 1861.
U. S. ONE-YEAR CERTIFICATES OF INDEBTEDNESS, etc., etc.

Maturing Certificates of Indebtedness collected promptly on favorable terms. The Gold received for the interest will be forwarded to the owner, or sold in New York at the best market rate, and returns made in current funds.

FISK & HATCH,
No. 38 WALL STREET, N. Y.

OFFICE OF THE NEW YORK EQUITABLE INSURANCE COMPANY,
No. 58 WALL ST., N. Y., July 7, 1863.

DIVIDEND.—THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS have this day declared a semi-annual Dividend of Ten Per Cent., (free of Government tax,) payable to the stockholders on and after the 10th inst.

JOHN MILLER Secretary.

UNITED STATES TRUST COMPANY OF
NEW YORK,
No. 46 Wall st., corner of William st.

CAPITAL.....$1,000,000

This Company is a legal depository for moneys paid into Court, and is authorized to act as guardian or receiver of estates.

INTEREST ALLOWED
ON DEPOSITS.

For a period of six months or longer.....4 per cent.
Payable at 5 days' notice.....3 per cent.

Deposits may be made and withdrawn at any time, and will be entitled to interest for the whole time they may remain with the Company.

Executors, Administrators, or Trustees of Estates, and females unaccustomed to the transaction of business, as well as religious and benevolent institutions, will find this Company a convenient depository for money.

JOSEPH LAWRENCE,
President.

JOHN A. STEWART,
Secretary.

NINTH DIVIDEND.

OFFICE OF THE GERHARD FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
No. 1 PINE ST.

The Board of Directors have declared a Semi-Annual Dividend of *Five Per Cent.*, payable (free of Government tax) on the 1st day of August.

JOHN R. SMITH, Secretary.

New York, July 22, 1863.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!
DON'T FAIL TO PROCURE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN.

This valuable preparation is the prescription of one of the most *experienced* and *skillful Nurses* in New England, and has been used with *never-failing success* in THOUSANDS OF CASES.

It not only relieves the child from Pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will almost instantly relieve

GRIPING IN THE BOWELS AND WIND COLIC,

and overcome Convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied, end in death. We believe it the *Best and Surest Remedy in the World*, in all cases of DYSENTERY and DIARRHŒA in CHILDREN, whether arising from Teething or from any other cause.

Full directions for using will accompany each bottle.

None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the outside wrapper.

Sold by all Medicine Dealers.

Principal Office, No. 48 Dey street, New York.

PRICE ONLY 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

[From The Richmond Whig.]

THE CHARLESTON COURIER MAKES A timely suggestion in recommending the attention of our government to the naturalization and cultivation of Calisaya, for the preservation of the health of our soldiers. This article has a peculiar effect upon the liver, and guards the system against disease by exposure and irregular diet. It is said that the great success of the Plantation Bitters of Dr. Drake, which, previous to our unhappy difficulties, was found in most Southern homes, was owing to the extract of Calisaya Bark which it contained as one of its principal ingredients—"in confirmation of this, we have heard one of our most distinguished physicians remark, that whenever he felt unwell from ordinary dietetic or atmospheric causes, he invariably relieved himself by Plantation Bitters. Now that these Bitters cannot be obtained, a substitute should be prepared. We understand our government has opened negotiations with Dr. Drake, through a secret agent, but with what truth we do not know." * * * * * *

We are exceedingly obliged to *The Richmond Whig* for its remembrance of "Auld Lang Syne," but we can assure "Our Government" that the Plantation Bitters are not for sale to any "secret agents," North or South. There are probably several other things that "Our Government" will yet want.

We know that we have the best and most popular medicine in the world. We are not afraid to show what it is composed of.

Physicians are compelled to recommend it.

CALISAYA BARK has been celebrated for over two hundred years, and was sold during the reign of Louis XVI., King of France, for the enormous price of its own weight in silver. It is remarkable for Dyspepsia, Fevers, Weakness, Constipation, etc.

CASCARILLA BARK.—For Diarrhœa, Colic, and diseases of the stomach and bowels.

DANDELION.—For Inflamation of the Loins and Dropsical Affections.

CHAMOMILE FLOWERS.—For enfeebled digestion.

LAVENDER FLOWERS.—Aromatic, stimulant, and tonic—highly invigorating in nervous debility.

WINTERGREEN.—For Scrofula, Rheumatism, etc.

ANISE.—An aromatic carminative; creating flesh, muscle, and milk; much used by mothers nursing.

Also, clove-buds, orange, caraway, coriander, snake-root, etc.

S.—T.—1860—X.

Another wonderful ingredient, of Spanish origin, imparting beauty to the complexion and brilliancy to the mind, is yet unknown to the commerce of the world, and we withhold its name for the present.

Humbugs and quacks howl about the Plantation Bitters; but the following is what's the matter, and they know it:

PLANTATION BITTERS WILL CURE

Cold Extremities and Feverish Lips.
Sour Stomach and Fetid Breath.
Flatulency and Indigestion.
Nervous Affections.
Excessive Fatigue and Short Breath.
Pain over the Eyes.
Mental Despondency.
Prostration, Great Weakness.
Sallow Complexion, Weak Bowels.
LIVER COMPLAINT AND DYSPEPSIA.

Very particularly recommended to Clergymen, Merchants, Lawyers, and persons of sedentary habits. Also for delicate females and weak persons who require free digestion, good appetite, and clear mental faculties.

Sold by all respectable Physicians, Druggists, Grocers, Hotels, Saloons, Country Stores, etc.

Be particular that each bottle bears the fac-simile of our signature on a steel-plate label, with our private Government stamp over the cork.

P. H. DRAKE & CO.,
No. 202 Broadway, N. Y.

THE SOLDIER'S TRUE FRIEND.—FOR OVER forty years Doctor Holloway has been supplying all the Armies of Europe with his PILLS and OINTMENT, they having proved themselves the only Medicines able to cure the worst cases of Dysentery, Scurvy, Sores, Wounds, and Bruises. Every knapsack should contain them. Only 25 cents per box or pot.

DURNO'S CELEBRATED CATARRH SNUFF for Sore Eyes, Deafness, Pain in the head, the worst forms of Catarrh and Bronchitis. When not to be had of your druggist, a Box will be sent free, by mail, for thirty-one cents, or Four for One Dollar, by the Proprietor,
J. DURNO, No. 214 Greenwich st., N. Y.

C. W. FRENCH'S
GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING,
No. 607 Broadway, N. Y.

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, Shirts, Collars, Ties, Stocks, Scarfs, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Under Shirts, Drawers, Half-Hose, Driving Gloves, Robes de Chambre, French Smoking and Breakfast Jackets, Umbrellas, Traveling Shawls, etc., etc.
ALEXANDER KID GLOVES.
FINE SHIRTS AND COLLARS MADE TO ORDER.
Fine Gauze Merino Undershirts, $1 50 each, or $15 per doz. Also a large stock of Muslin, Linen, and Jean Drawers, of our own make, and warranted to fit.

THE PITCHERS ARE READY!!

We mean the new, seasonable, patent double silver-plated ICE PITCHERS; a little higher in price than last year, but much more beautiful patterns, and of the quality of "SHEFFIELD PLATE." The style and quality of our TEA SETS, URNS, CASTORS, WAITERS, FORKS, SPOONS, etc., etc., are equal to any in the city, and our wholesale and retail patrons will find it to their interest o purchase of

LUCIUS HART & CO.,
Nos. 4 and 6 Burling Slip.

TWINE AND CORDAGE,
CARPET WARP,
FISHING LINES AND WICKING,
WRAPPING AND WAXING PAPERS,
ENVELOPS AND PAPER BAGS.
H. A. HARVEY,
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COMMUNION FURNITURE.

We have constantly on hand, a full assortment of articles for

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BOTH SILVER-PLATED AND BRITANNIA—consisting of *TANKARDS, GOBLETS, PLATES,* and *BAPTISMAL FONTS.* Also, *COLLECTION PLATES,* lined with cloth. For sale at Nos. 4 and 6 Burling-Slip, by

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Produce the best Family Sewing-Machine in use—simple in construction—durable in all its parts—readily understood without instruction—certain of stitch on every kind of fabric—adapted to wide range of work without change or adjustment—needle straight—tension positive—and no taking apart machine to clean or oil.

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CELEBRATED
FIRST PREMIUM
SEWING-MACHINES,
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ALL READY FOR TRADE,
AT
No. 370 BROADWAY,
With a large and varied stock of
LADIES' DRESS TRUNKS,
BONNET BOXES,
FINE SOLE LEATHER TRUNKS.

All kinds of Traveling Bags. Also, Cedar Trunks, a sure preventive from moths in furs or woolens.

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MARTIN'S LIFE CORDIAL.
THE GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY FOR CHOLERA, CHOLERA MORBUS, CHOLERA INFANTUM, DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA, SUMMER COMPLAINT, PAIN AND CRAMPS IN THE STOMACH, SOUR STOMACH, AND HEARTBURN.

It relieves those disagreeable symptoms of DYSPEPSIA, NAUSEA, and RISING of FOOD after eating, and as a SOOTHING SYRUP for CHILDREN, it has no equal! It regulates the bowels, allays pain, and under its very soothing effects the child gently drops into a quiet slumber, and awakes refreshed and invigorated. It is very pleasant to the taste, and children, instead of refusing to take it, cry for the medicine after once tasting it. Call for circular and read certificates from such men as Prof. N. P Hill of Brown University; Rev. Horace James of Worcester, Mass., now chaplain of the 25th Massachusetts, and Superintendent of Blacks, Newbern, N. C.; officers in the army, and others.

N.B.—This article is warranted, even in the most obstinate cases, and Agents are particularly requested to pay back the money where satisfactory evidence is given that the medicine has proved ineffectual.

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F. C. WELLS & CO., No. 115 Franklin street.
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CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE
IS
THE ONLY DYE.....Ever analyzed.
THE ONLY DYE.....Sworn to be poisonless.
THE ONLY DYE.....For a living brown.
THE ONLY DYE.....For a perfect black.
THE ONLY DYE.....That defies detection.
THE ONLY DYE.....That is instantaneous,
and the
ONLY DYE
For all who desire to have the color of their hair changed with safety, certainty, and rapidity, to any shade they may desire.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO, No. 6 Astor House, New York. Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers.

Price, $1, $1 50, and $3 per box, according to size.

CRISTADORO'S HAIR PRESERVATIVE

Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.

Price, 50 cents, $1, and $2 per bottle, according to size.

FOR SPRING AND SUMMER.

For Dyspeptic and Bilious Complaints, Headaches, Constipation, Piles, etc.; as a gentle and efficient Purgative; as a refreshing and invigorating Draught; suitable for all ages and sexes, and may be taken at all times,

TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT

has the approbation and preference of the BEST PHYSICIANS, over Mineral Waters, Seidlitz Powders, Pills, and harsh Purgatives.

Prepared and sold wholesale and retail, by
TARRANT & CO., No. 278 Greenwich st., N. Y.

HILL'S HAIR DYE, 50 CENTS.—BLACK OR BROWN.
The best in use for Color, Durability, etc. Warranted. Depot, No. 1 Barclay street, N. Y., and sold by all Druggists and at all fancy goods stores.

HEIMSTREET'S
INIMITABLE HAIR RESTORATIVE.
IT IS NOT A DYE,

But restores gray hair to its original color by supplying the capillary tubes with natural sustenance, impaired by age or disease. All INFLAMMATORY PRPS are composed of LUNAR CAUSTIC, destroying the vitality and beauty of the hair, and afford of themselves no dressing. Heimstreet's Inimitable Coloring not only restores hair to its natural color by an easy process, but gives the hair a

LUXURIANT BEAUTY,

promotes its growth, prevents its falling off, eradicates dandruff, and imparts health and pleasantness to the head. It has stood the test of time, being the original Hair Coloring, and is constantly increasing in favor. Used by both gentlemen and ladies. It is sold by all respectable dealers, or can be procured by them of the commercial agent, D. S. BARNES, No. 202 Broadway, N. Y. Two sizes, 50 cents and $1.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY IN MEDicine as well as in other things. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is a genuine preparation of that unequaled spring medicine and blood purifier, decidedly superior to the poor imitations heretofore in the market. Trial proves it.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS.
Conclusive Proofs of the Efficacy of
HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.
HEAR THE WITNESSES!

Worthless and pernicious articles are so often bolstered up in the advertising columns of the Press by fabricated letters, that the proprietors of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS rarely give quotations from their business correspondence, lest the GENUINE OPINIONS of those who use and appreciate a GENUINE ARTICLE should be confounded by the unthinking with the FULSOME RIGMAROLE put into the mouths of MEN OF STRAW by unscrupulous empirics and charlatans, whose double object is to SELL both their trash and the PUBLIC.

Believing, however, that FACTS IMPORTANT TO THE HEALTH AND COMFORT OF THE PUBLIC, and which can be VERIFIED AT ANY MOMENT by addressing the parties who vouch for them, ought not to be hid under a bushel, the undersigned publish below a few communications of recent date, to which they invite the attention of the people, and at the same time ESPECIALLY REQUEST all readers who may feel interested in the subject to ADDRESS THE INDIVIDUALS THEMSELVES, and ascertain the correctness of the particulars.

READ E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH'S LETTER.

PROSPECT COTTAGE, GEORGETOWN, D. C., April 2, 1863.

MESSRS. HOSTETTER & SMITH:

GENTLEMEN: It gives me pleasure to add my testimonial to those of others in favor of your excellent preparation. Several years of residence on the banks of a Southern river, and of close application to literary work, had so thoroughly exhausted my nervous system and undermined my health, that I had become a martyr to dyspepsia and nervous headache, recurring at short intervals, and defying all known remedies in the Materia Medica. I had come to the conclusion that nothing but a total change of residence and pursuits would restore my health, when a friend recommended Hostetter's Bitters. I procured a bottle as an experiment. It required but one bottle to convince me that I had found at last the right combination of remedies. The relief it afforded me has been complete. It is now some years since I first tried Hostetter's Bitters, and it is but just to say that I have found the preparation all that it claims to be. It is a Standard Family Cordial with us, and even as a stimulant we like it better than anything else; but we use it in all nervous, bilious and dyspeptic cases, from fever down to toothache. If what I have now said will lead any dyspeptic or nervous invalid to a sure remedy, I shall have done some good. I remain, gentlemen, respectfully yours,
E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

READ JOHN W. BRONAUGH'S LETTER.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, BUREAU OF YARDS AND DOCKS, December 30, 1862.

MESSRS. HOSTETTER & SMITH, *Pittsburg, Pa.:*

GENTLEMEN: About four years since, my attention was called to your Celebrated Stomach Bitters, I being at the time a perfect martyr to dyspepsia in all of its terrific forms. Indeed, I had not known for six years an uninterrupted night's sleep. I commenced the use of your Bitters, taking them according to your directions, except that the dose was reduced to one-half, and found myself much, very much benefited by the first bottle; the second relieved me entirely, but I have ever since taken a dose in the morning, immediately on rising, finding it to act as a tonic and appetizer of the most agreeable character. There is a peculiarity in the effect of your Bitters on me which it may be well to state: if from any cause I shall be suffering ever so acutely with the headache, a dose of your Bitters relieves me in fifteen minutes. In conclusion, I say, with all sincerity and truth, I would not be returned to the state of health in which your Bitters found me, and from which they have unquestionably relieved me, for all the money in this world. I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,
JOHN W. BRONAUGH, Chief Clerk.

READ SAMUEL BYERS' LETTER.

NEW CONVALESCENT CAMP, NEAR ALEXANDRIA, VA., May 24, 1863.

MESSRS. HOSTETTER & SMITH:

DEAR SIRS: Will you do me the favor to forward by express one-half dozen Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, with bill, for which I will remit you on receipt of same, as I am unable to procure your medicine here; and if I had a quantity it could be sold readily, as it is known to be the best preparation in use for diseases having their origin with a diseased stomach. I have used and sold hundreds of preparations, but your Bitters are superior to anything of the kind I am cognizant with. Indeed, no soldier should be without it, should he be ever so robust and healthy, for it is not only a restorative, but a preventive for almost all disease a soldier is subject to. I have been afflicted with chronic indigestion, and no medicine has afforded me the relief yours has; and I trust you will lose no time in sending the Bitters ordered.

Yours, very respectfully,
SAMUEL BYERS, Hospt.

Prepared by HOSTETTER & SMITH, Pittsburg, Pa.
And sold by Druggists and Family Grocers.
New York Office, No. 458 Broadway.

OSBORN'S
CELEBRATED PREPARED
JAVA COFFEE.
WARRANTED SUPERIOR TO ANY IN THE MARKET.

Sold at Retail for Twenty-five cents per pound, by first-class Grocers, throughout the United States.
☞ A liberal discount to the trade.
LEWIS A. OSBORN,
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MARINE AND FIRE INSURANCE.
OFFICE OF THE
COMMERCIAL
MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY,
COMMERCIAL BUILDING,
Nos. 57 AND 59 WILLIAM STREET.

NEW YORK, 22d July, 1863.

The Trustees, in conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following statement of its affairs on the 30th of June, 1863:

Premiums on Risks outstanding 30th June, 1862..$134,832 68	
Premiums received during the year ending 30th June, 1863.....	491,474 27
Total Premiums.....	$626,306 95
Premiums marked off as earned for the year ending 30th June, 1863.....	$477,092 38
Losses and Expenses.....	$270,898 66
Return Premiums.....	57,944 84
Reinsurances.....	49,213 38
	$378,056 30

The Assets of the Company on the 30th of June, 1863, were as follows:

Cash in Banks.....	$70,001 80	
New York State, City and Bank Stocks, United States and other Stocks, and Loans on Stocks.....	620,675 28	
		$690,677 08
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable.....		252,217 07
Insurance Scrip, Sundry Notes, etc., at estimated value.....		22,946 06
Salvage, Re-Insurance, and other claims due the Company.....		5,608 23
Total Assets.....		$971,442 44

The Board of Trustees have resolved:

That SIX PER CENT. for INTEREST on the outstanding Certificates of Profits be paid on and after Tuesday, the 11th day of August, 1863.

That a Scrip Dividend of TWENTY PER CENT., free of United States Tax, be declared on the net earned premiums entitled thereto for the year ending 30th June, 1863, for which certificates may be issued on and after the 1st day of October next.

And, after reserving over Half a Million Dollars of profits, that EIGHTY PER CENT. of the outstanding Certificates of Profits of the Issue of 1858 be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the 11th day of August next, from which date all interest on the part so redeemed will cease. The certificates to be presented at the time of payment, and canceled to the extent paid.

By order of the Board.
HENRY D. KING, Secretary.

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HENRY W. BARSTOW,	MOSES TAYLOR,
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JUNE 27, 1863.
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OFFER FOR SALE AT MODERATE PRICES TWO THOUSAND PACKAGES OF AMERICAN DRY GOODS, IN PERFECT ORDER, TO WHOLESALE BUYERS, DELAINES, PRINTS, GINGHAMS, SHEETINGS, SHIRTINGS, TICKINGS, DENIMS, INDIGO CHECKS, JEANS, DRILLINGS, CANTON FLANNELS, KENTUCKY JEANS, COTTONADES, SATINETS, CASSIMERES, NEGRO KERSEYS, TWEEDS. ALSO A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF ALL KINDS OF FOREIGN AND AMERICAN DRY GOODS AND CARPETINGS, ADAPTED TO THE REQUIREMENTS OF RETAIL DEALERS.

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REMINGTON'S
ARMY AND NAVY REVOLVERS.
APPROVED BY THE GOVERNMENT.

Warranted superior to any other pistol of the kind.
Address E. REMINGTON & SONS,
Ilion, N. Y.

HOME
INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.
OFFICE, No. 135 BROADWAY.

CASH CAPITAL.....	$1,000,000 00
ASSETS, 1st July, 1863.....	2,007,530 91
LIABILITIES.....	59,581 25

ABSTRACT OF THE
TWENTIETH SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT,
Showing the condition of the Company on the 1st day of July, 1863.

ASSETS.

Cash, Balance in Bank.....	$ 77,063 34
Bonds and Mortgages, being first lien on Real Estate.....	813,002 50
Loanson Stocks, payable on demand.....	287,617 00
United States Stocks, (market value,).....	446,783 78
State and Municipal Stocks and Bonds, (market value,).....	138,609 00
Bank Stocks, (market value,).....	109,150 00
Real Estate.....	49,917 75
Interest due on 1st July, 1863, (of which $25,605 95 has since been received,).....	27,397 51
Balance in hands of Agents and in course of transmission from Agents on 1st July, (of which $21,428 13 has since been received,).....	59,833 27
Bills Receivable, (for Premiums on Inland Risks)	47,030 17
Government Stamps on hand.....	314 29
Other Property, Miscellaneous Items.....	18,027 86
Premiums due and uncollected on Policies issued at Office.....	2,724 44
Total.....	$2,007,530 91

LIABILITIES.

Claims for Losses Outstanding on 1st July, 1863.	$58,911 25
Due Stockholders on account 17th and 18th dividends.....	670 00

This Company insures against loss or damage by FIRE, and the risks of INLAND NAVIGATION and TRANSPORTATION, on favorable terms. Losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.

CHAS. J. MARTIN, President.
A. P. WILLMARTH, Vice-President.
JOHN McGEE, Secretary.
New York, July 21, 1863.

PHENIX FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.
INCORPORATED 1853.

No. 1 Court street, Opposite City Hall, Brooklyn. } Offices, } No. 62 Wall street, New York.

CASH CAPITAL,
TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS,
WITH A LARGE SURPLUS.

Insures against Loss by Fire, Dwelling-Houses, Manufactories, Warehouses, Merchandise, Personal Estate, and upon the Hulls and Cargoes of Vessels while in port. Policies also issued on Hulls and Cargoes against Fire and Inland Navigation and Transportation Risks, through their various agencies located on the line of the inland waters and transportation routes of the country, or at their office in New York.

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PHILANDER SHAW, Sec'y. STEPHEN CROWELL, Pres.
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By MRS. OLIPHANT,
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(PUBLISHED THIS DAY.)

The above books are also bound in cloth, beveled boards. Price, 60 cents each.

Other works are in preparation.

The public may depend upon finding only first-class books in this series.

JAS. G. GREGOR

The Independent.

MR. BEECHER IN ENGLAND.

Our readers cannot but be highly gratified with the following article, which we copy from *The London Daily News*, received per the Africa. Its spirit is friendly and evidently candid, and its hopeful tone is the more noticeable because *The Daily News*, although always decidedly favorable to our cause, had begun to yield a little to the pressure of public opinion on the other side, and until Mr. Beecher's arrival in London, was seriously apprehensive that Lee's invasion would prove permanently disastrous to the Union. We call attention to the general clearness and insight of Mr. Beecher's representations, and the calm and earnest manner in which he expressed himself, and especially to the patriotic spirit and courage with which he met the current of public sentiment in London in regard to the ultimate effect of Lee's invasion. We have no doubt he has already given utterance to similar expressions of confidence in his country and her institutions on the occasion of the New York riots, of which, as in almost all cases, the worst reports on our side always obtain the first and chief circulation in Europe. The so speedy fulfillment of his bold predictions must not only be highly gratifying to Mr. Beecher, but will tend to give increased weight in Europe to all his representations of our cause, whether made in conversation, as hitherto he has preferred, or in some public addresses, which our friend Dr. Waddington anticipates that he may choose to give on his return from the Continent to England. We do not think that any candid and loyal American, whatever may have been his previous feelings, can read this article and then fail to thank God that Mr. Beecher has made this visit, or be unprepared to give him a cordial welcome on his return, as one who has done his country good service.

From The Daily News, July 10.

MR. BEECHER IN ENGLAND.

HE DECLINES TO MAKE SPEECHES—HIS REPLIES TO INTERROGATIONS.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher of New York, who arrived in England a few weeks ago, left yesterday for the Continent. During his stay in this country, Mr. Beecher has been repeatedly invited to appear and speak on public occasions, but he has persistently declined all solicitations of this kind, on the ground that he left America in order to recruit his strength for duty on his return. He has, however, been in frank and cordial communication with a large number of Englishmen who take an interest in the emancipation policy of Mr. Lincoln's Government, and a brief notice of the views and opinions which he has expressed on the affairs of his native country will be acceptable to many of our readers.

On no point has Mr. Beecher been more anxiously interrogated than on the state of parties and opinions in the North with respect to the prosecution of the war. Mr. Beecher states that, contrary to the belief generally prevailing here, there is a substantial unity between the Democratic and Republican parties. He speaks with respect of the liberty with which the Democrats criticise the Administration of Mr. Lincoln, and acquits them of all design of obstructing his Government. He is convinced that the war would be carried on under a Democratic President as vigorously as under a President elected by the Republican party. The explanation he gives of the position and conduct of the Woods, Fernando and Benjamin, who have started a cry for peace at any price, is substantially that which has been repeatedly given by our New York correspondent. He says that they are political and social outcasts, with whom the true Democratic party neither can nor will hold intercourse, and are utterly powerless to influence the course of events.

Mr. Beecher affirms that under the teaching of experience the whole North has become more and more alive to the dangers which menace the nation, and more and more firm and united in the resolution to meet them. The appearances which seem to point to a contrary conclusion, the resistance to the conscription in Indiana, and the alleged apathy in Pennsylvania, are altogether exceptional. He denies the apathy of Pennsylvania; he is sure that that state will do its duty, although from local causes the people of a particular district may fail. He knows Indiana well, having lived there, and states that the misconduct is limited to a part known as 'The Pocket,' inhabited chiefly by a degraded population derived from the neighboring slave states, so ignorant that not one in twenty can read. He remarks generally that patriotic feeling in the North is always found to exist in proportion to the extension of common schools. He observes that to estimate the relative importance of the exceptions just noticed, the immense scale of the states should be taken into account. Mr. B. speaks with the utmost confidence as to the deep-seated resolve of the whole North to carry on this war in the face of all opposition. This feeling he says has been growing broader and deeper as the magnitude of the task has unfolded itself. As to the connection of the war with the slavery question, he affirms that men of all parties are now convinced that slavery is the cause of their trouble, and that there will be no security for the Northern community while that curse exists. This belief has been gaining ground for the last eighteen months, and is now held by all intelligent and reflecting people. He has a high opinion of the administrative capacity of Mr. Jefferson Davis and his colleagues, but finds in that fact a stronger reason for resisting their flagitious enterprise with all the strength of a free people.

To the question whether the downfall of slavery would not be more surely promoted by the separation of the South than by its restoration to the Union, Mr. Beecher replies emphatically, No. The long sleep of the North is ended, and the character of that free community is fixed in irrevocable opposition to slavery. On this point he appeals to the speeches of the leading men of the South made at Washington before the disruption as a reason for secession, and to the abundant testimony borne by Southern writers since. 'The unity of the national life,' he says, 'will be the death of slavery; but secession will give it all it wants for its extension and invigoration.' He thinks it would be greatly to the advantage of sound opinion in England if Mr. Roebuck and Mr. James Spence could be induced to visit the slave states. After the opinions they have expressed on slavery, the journey might not be for their comfort, but he is sure that on their return they might be enrolled as honorary members of the Emancipation Society.

With reference to the opinions often expressed, that enough would be done if the area of slavery were limited by making the Mississippi the boundary of an independent confederacy, Mr. Beecher observes that whenever the North is strong enough to enforce that restriction, it will be strong enough to attain its entire object. The Southern leaders would never agree to such a condition until completely beaten. They did not secede to be cooped up in the Gulf states, nor as long as their force is unbroken will they ever submit to be so. They are fighting to extend their system over territories as large as Europe, and to found a great empire of which slavery is to be the corner-stone.

Referring to an opinion which sometimes finds expression in England, that the power of the United States was becoming excessive, and that a division of the Union would be for the peace of the world, Mr. Beecher observed that it was opposed to reason and experience, and that a contrary result would follow the independence of the South. The tendency of the whole polity of the North has been peaceful, in harmony with its social constitution. But the organization of society in the South is the very one most suited to become the basis of a military empire. And the South is, moreover, military by its character. The greatness at which its leaders aim is not that which arises from the spectacle of a free, educated, and contented people, but that of domination and territorial extension. With such a neighbor by its side it would be impossible for the North to return to the days when a standing army of twenty-five thousand men was objected to as excessive. Under those circumstances the North must become military in its own despite, must at any cost maintain a standing army of from one hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand men as the safeguard of its own independence.

These are some of Mr. Beecher's opinions, as expressed in his social interviews with friends in this country. It will be understood that he is not responsible for their publication or for the form in which they are presented.

On Wednesday, Mr. Beecher was asked his opinion of the result of the invasion of the North, the news of which was the most conspicuous feature of the papers in the morning. Mr. Beecher, while carefully refraining as a civilian from the expression of an opinion on the immediate military result of General Lee's operations, declared his conviction that the movement would in the end prove to the disadvantage of the South, by giving a much needed stimulus to the military activity and enterprise of the Federalists. He regarded the invasion without anxiety for the ultimate issue.

We add the following extracts from other London papers. *The Patriot* says:

"The Rev. H. W. Beecher, after spending a fortnight in the metropolis, has now started for Switzerland, and intends to remain on the Continent for about two months. He has not quite adhered to his purpose of not making speeches while in England; for, besides the few sentences which he uttered at the inauguration of the new Baptist chapel at Kensington last week, he has spoken at a meeting of the total abstainers, and on Tuesday morning he accepted an invitation to breakfast with some Congregational ministers who have formed themselves into an Emancipation Committee, and there with great eloquence expounded his views upon the American struggle. On his first Sunday he was a listener to Mr. Spurgeon and Mr. Newman Hall, while last Sunday he heard Mr. Binney and Canon Stanley, and attended the evening service at Westminster Abbey."

The speech at Kensington referred to in this extract is as follows:

"Rev. H. W. Beecher, who happened by accident to be at the meeting, spoke briefly. Among other characteristic things, he said: 'I began my ministry in a church in the wilderness, where there were nineteen women and one man, and I wished him out more times than one. They were the saints and he was the sinner. I was at that time sexton and general undertaker for the church. I swept it, I bought the lamps and lit them, I would have rung the bell, but there was none. I did the preaching, was superintendent of the Sabbath-school, and did everything else there was to do; and though many years have passed and I have seen other scenes, I have never had happier hours since. We look upon a young man that takes the wife of his bosom, in the hour of their affiancing; all mankind is eager to look upon such as they walk forth from the church, or better, from her father's house, man and wife. We look upon them with fond sympathy and interest. But, when we see a good man taking God's bride—his church, by the hand, there is something more unspeakably tender and touching in it, for death shall not separate them. The joys, the affections, and the sympathies are deeper, brighter, and stronger; the union will be far more glorious in the kingdom of heaven. I have left my country in that state in which I can scarcely look back without tears. I have come hither a stranger among strangers, but I am glad to see and feel that I am in the presence of Christians. Although there may be variations of opinion, there is a deep bond of union between us, so that I am happy in meeting you; not knowing you, I love you for Christ's sake.'"

The following is from *The Weekly Review*:

"Rev. Mr. Ward Beecher of New York.—This accomplished American divine, who is presently in London, has, it seems, declined to address any public meeting on the subject of the war until, at least, his return from the Continent in September. He has, however, attended several gatherings of a private nature, where his views on the crisis in America were given with all the frankness, fulness, and eloquence for which he is distinguished. Mr. Beecher belongs to what may be called the anti-slavery, as distinguished from the abolition, school of American politics; but these nice distinctions are of very little consequence to Englishmen, who are well aware of the bold and uncompromising position which Mr. Beecher has held upon the subject of slavery. He somewhat astonished even the friends of the North, who have had the privilege of listening to him, by his eager defense of the war, and his assured faith in ultimate victory. He is not at all alarmed at the present aspect of affairs, calmly awaiting the result with perfect confidence that in the end the good cause of freedom will triumph. He describes the change in the feeling of the North as to the employment of negroes as soldiers to be complete since their gallantry was displayed at Port Hudson, and he looks upon the opportunity which the negro thus has of proving his manhood to be that which will place him in his true position side by side with the white man. We trust Mr. Beecher may find it convenient to give a public address before he returns to the scene of his many and fruitful labors."

THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

From The Alliance.

This distinguished advocate of temperance and freedom having consented to meet the members and friends of the National Temperance League at breakfast, the committee sent out a number of invitations, in response to which about ninety or a hundred ladies and gentlemen assembled on Monday morning, the 5th inst., at the London Coffee-house, Ludgate Hill. The breakfast, which commenced at half-past nine, having been dispatched,

Mr. Edward Baines, M.P., who occupied the chair, in the absence of Mr. Scott, chamberlain of the city of London, said he felt very great pleasure in being placed in that honorable position. They were favored by the presence of a gentleman whose name, nearly as long as he could remember, had been connected with almost every cause tending to ennoble, exalt, and improve mankind—(cheers)—a gentleman himself of high genius, and who had taken an active part in many of the great movements of the age. He (Mr. Baines) remembered quite well that his own first strong impression with regard to the cause of temperance was received from a perusal of one of the works of their guest's venerable father—(cheers)—and from that time to the present he had always found the name of Beecher associated with all that was great and good. He could indeed say that he did not know a family on either side of the Atlantic to which mankind at large owed more, in the present day, than to the family of Beecher. (Cheers.) After some further observations, in which Mr. Beecher was welcomed as the champion of temperance—as temperance having its root in a vital and practical Christianity, and having avowed his own confidence in the increasing popularity of the temperance movement, Mr. Baines concluded by introducing the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher to the meeting.

On his rising, Mr. Beecher was greeted with loud and repeated plaudits, on the subsidence of which he alluded to his desire to avoid public engagements for a season; he wanted to see how it would seem *not* to talk for a month, in order that he might recruit his strength and be fitted for the labors of the autumn. He then glanced at the growth of friendly feeling in America toward England since the Revolutionary war, as strikingly attested during the visit of the Prince of Wales, and he hoped that any irritation at present existing between the two nations would be of transient duration. He had been pleased to hear the allusions that had been made to his venerable father. When the most had been said of him, all would not be said that should be said. He was a man of men. In looking back to his childhood, two things shone above all others, and seemed perfection to his thought—the memory of his father, and of his mother. Her he never knew, as she died when he was but three years old; but he had found her everywhere in the respect and love and affections of the people among whom she lived. The thought of that mother had been to him a guiding-star through life, and had cast select influences around his path. Of his father his recollections went back many years, and one of these had to do with the only time he remembered seeing him take ardent spirits. This was in 1817 or 1818, at a time when his father was suffering from the dyspepsia, which adhered to him all his life, and when he was surprised to see him go into a closet and take a little rum. This was long before the temperance movement began. He also never knew his father take tobacco in any form, and of the eight children of his own mother's family—there were eleven children in all—not one had ever used tobacco. (Cheers.) They had been brought up in temperance, and knew nothing else from the beginning. He was present at the delivery of the famous six sermons on intemperance. It was about the year 1825-6, just before the family were preparing to remove from Litchfield to Boston. He and his brother Charles sat in one of the high square pews, right under the pulpit, so that they could not see their father—like some pews which he had since met with in the old English churches; and on that occasion his brother Charles asked him to guess what the text would be. He did guess; but his brother Charles surprised him by saying that it would be in Habbakuk—and sure enough in Habbakuk it was. He afterwards learned that their father had been preaching a series of sermons from that particular passage. Like everything his father did, those sermons had their origin in an intense sympathy with actual life around him. [Mr. Beecher here narrated some details, which he said he gave in confidence, seemingly unaware that the whole of the particulars, with the names of the parties, have appeared in print.] One of the two persons for whose special benefit they were preached was recovered; and though the other lapsed continually, he strove against his besetting sin, and before he died gave evidence that he was healed and saved. (Cheers.) The temperance reformation has been very successful in America. In New England it had almost totally regenerated the working population; and in many districts the use of intoxicating liquors was well-nigh unknown. It was often more than a man's place was worth for him to be known to drink. The insurance companies discriminated in favor of ships and factories managed on the total abstinence principle; and in every part of New England except in the cities and among the floating population, abstinence had become an ineradicable part of the habits of the people. It was looked upon not as a substitute for religion, but as the outworking of that love to Christ and man which springs from God's life in the soul. The civil war had interrupted the progress of temperance, and it seemed as if things were for the time going back. In the army, affairs were very bad; drunkenness was rampant, especially among the officers. Those who showed another and purer example were not many, but among these he could mention Major-General Howard, of the 5th Division, who had studied at West Point, and was about entering the ministry when the war broke out. If it were fit, he (Mr. Beecher) could point to several great misfortunes which had befallen the North on the field owing entirely to the drunkenness of officers. The battle of Chancellorsville was lost from this cause; but he had heard it from almost direct authority that the general thus implicated, knowing his weakness, had been previously abstaining, but that having received a severe contusion, he had been prescribed whisky medicinally, and it was taking it for this purpose that the old appetite had been revived and had overcome him. [Mr. Beecher stated this as a private communication, but the case of intemperance referred to is no secret here. That General Hooker was drunk, and thereby lost the battle of Chancellorsville, has been published wherever the English language is read; and it is due to the inculpated general that the explanation furnished by Mr. Beecher should be made widely known.] In the West it was worse, if worse could be. Thousands of the young men in the army would be ruined; thousands who went out sober would come back confirmed sots; still, this outburst of intemperance was transient; like the war itself, it was not the intercalation of a new principle in American history, but merely a spasm that would pass away. It would be in regard to temperance as it had often been with regard to the churches, when for a time there was a decline of vitality, and spiritual drought; but this state of things had never continued; religion was not dead; God had not ceased to work; and he had soon sent a plentiful rain, and out of the dry and thirsty earth had come a sweet smelling of blossoming flowers. So would it be with respect to the revival of temperance in his beloved country. Since his arrival in England, he had been to the opening of a Baptist church, and he had seen the dinner-table spread with long lines of bottles, white and black, and at that table every other man seemed a minister. He had looked at all this as one in a dream; he had never seen the like of it before. Such a custom of drinking at religious celebrations had long since gone out of fashion in America. He said to himself, "I should like to stay a little, and work here." (Cheers.) Fishing he was fond of, not in the shallow streams, but in the dark, deep pools, where the pot-bellied trout were to be found; and he thought he might do some fishing of another kind in England if he could remain here for a time. As he had before said, he was about to leave for the Continent and when he returned in September he should be willing to take a more active part in public questions than he was now able to do. He concluded by thanking the company for the kind reception that had been accorded to him. * * *

An observation from Mr. Stovel with regard to English sympathy with the United States, elicited from Mr. Beecher some eloquent remarks on the causes of the war and the feeling of the North toward the colored population. He added that the 54th Massachusetts Regiment, one of colored men, had lately left Boston amidst enthusiastic demonstrations, and that it was the only regiment that had embarked at that port without one man in a state of drunkenness. (Cheers.) In further touching on the difference between the social habits of America and England as to drinking, he observed that in all his travels and intercourse with men in the United States, he had never once been asked to drink a glass of wine. The first offer of that kind had yet to be made. (Cheers.)

A vote of thanks to the chairman of the morning concluded the proceedings.

AUGUST.

BY REV. J. E. RANKIN.

I.

Midsummer sunsets bloom upon the sky!
Like boulders huge, which some convulsion crowds,
Aslant the Western edge appear the rugged clouds;
Or Atlas' brawny shoulders, heaving high.
As flocks, at noon, in sultry pastures lie,
Rose-tinted, tattered clusters lade the air;
Or, as they now for sweeter food repair,
Obedient to the breeze, they clamber by.
Now gentle Night, like Ruth at Boaz' feet,
Has spread her mantle by the sleeping Day;
Reluctant children leave their happy play,
And bend their little limbs in homage sweet;
Accoutered in their simple, clean array,
Officious kindness ushers them away.

II.

Deserted now, the fevered, dusty town!
For wealth betakes itself to rural shades;
The privacy of wood and stream invades,
Or camps, at nightfall, on some mountain's crown,
Or island, coast, or lake of fair renown.
With pleasing pastimes glides the transient day;
Thus pass the languid, sultry weeks away,
Escaped the Dogstar's hot, malignant frown.
How sweet to steal from sordid man apart,
To scent the breath, and hear the voice of pines;
For woodland life is like the taste of wines,
To nerve afresh a worn and haggard heart.
There man grows weary of his proud designs,
For his great Mother's smile he pines.

The Children's Column.

BY-AND-BY.

"A story, cousin!" is echoing from nursery walls—that Cry of the Children which has tormented the souls of a thousand incompetent story-tellers, since first these unreasonable little taxgatherers began their unrighteous exactions upon the earth.

"A story!" reiterates Allie, driven from his couch-and-six in the corner by the gathering darkness, which obscures his fiery steeds and renders locomotion dangerous.

"Tory, Tousin!" echoes little Persian Lily, whose sober, everyday name does not fit our tiny sprite half so well as its English equivalent.

"Well, what shall it be?" responds the despairing but submissive victim.

"A pilgrimage," says Walter.

"In an enchanted forest," adds Sarah.

"With plenty of witches in shapes of elves, or water-sprites, or remarkable birds and beasts," suggests the young reader of romances.

"Oh! if all these wonders are essential, you must wait until daylight, and appeal to Mr. Tasso, or to our good old friend La Motte Foqué. But here in the gloaming I will tell you a true tale of a little bird in a forest; and all the supernatural creatures you can imagine for yourself.

"Ever since the children of men have wandered in the wilderness of this world, one little sorceress has enchanted them with her songs. Indeed, so powerful is the spell she weaves around her hearers, that with the first note of her song they forget all else, and follow her across stony plains, through tangled thickets, over swollen rivers and precipitous heights, fearless of danger and careless of fatigue, hearing nothing but that wondrous music, seeing nought but the visions it raises before their bewildered eyes. No one ever caught this rare bird, though every one who comes within the spell of her enchantment fully believes that he shall hold her firmly in his grasp. No one has ever rightly seen her; for though sometimes she perches at a provoking distance just over their heads, more often she calls to them from the far, far depths of the leafy branches, or soars away into the blue heavens beyond sight or reach, while still through the clear air fall little sprinkling drops of sound, which touch their hearts with dreams of By-and-By.

"Some few disappointed followers have given up the pursuit, and consoled themselves by affirming that the little bird is an evil spirit in disguise, whose only purpose is to lure men to destruction. But wiser people long ago found out that she is sent for a wise and beneficent purpose, and that though she never leads her followers to just the paradise which in their silly dreams they may picture to themselves, yet she does give them better blessings all along the way than they ask or think, and leads them perhaps to even brighter things beyond.

"For the fact is, men were lazy animals, and but for a few such teachers, who have stirred them up to something like action, they might be burrowing in the earth to this day like moles, and living, like squirrels, upon nuts and acorns. But first they had Hunger for a teacher, who came and knocked at least three times a day, saying, 'Go and dig;' then Cold, who shook them out of their sleep, crying, 'Go and build;' then Disease, the hardest master of all, who forced them to ask of every root and leaf and fruit in all the forest what virtue it possessed to heal the pains he inflicted. Then they had a different sort of teachers, who, if not more kind, had at least a more agreeable way of showing their kindness. And to prove how much better men will work for love than fear, we may remark that from this point they began to improve rapidly, so that they seemed like another sort of being altogether.

"There was Taste—whose name being interpreted, means only a love for all fine and beautiful things—who led her pupils into long, delightful rambles through the forest, that they might collect rare treasures to adorn their homes. And though her tasks were far more numerous and difficult than those of Hunger and Cold, yet she rewarded them so richly all the way, that they obeyed her commands most cheerfully. Then there was Vanity—not a very estimable person, to be sure, but something of a favorite with his pupils because of his indulgence. He added new motives to the teachings of Taste, so that with their united demands, never a minute was left for idleness. But there was Love, the dearest teacher of all, who without a word or act of compulsion led her disciples to unceasing diligence for the sake of dear ones whose happiness they could promote.

"It hardly seems possible that man could be lazy under all these teachers. And yet it is true that one thing more was needed to give his efforts the right direction, and that was the mysterious charm of By-and-By. For though the forest where he lived was really a grand old home for him, as far as present purposes were concerned, it never was meant that he should be perfectly contented here. And so, after all his toils under the lash of Cold and Hunger and Disease, and through all his earnest efforts in the service of Love and Taste, there remained a cold, aching spot in his breast, which he could only forget while listening to the song of By-and-By. While her spell was upon him, his eye brightened and his lagging step grew nimble, while through the rough aisles of the wintry forest gleamed glimpses of the summer-land beyond.

"Well, I cannot tell you all the feats man performed under the spell of this little magician;—how he crossed great waters and explored vast continents; how he dived into the deep, dark caverns of the earth, or, grasping the golden clue dropped from a far-off world, wandered away among the labyrinths of the stars; how the common daylight faded, and familiar voices grew indistinct while he listened to the bewitching melody; and how at last, when his eyes were dim and his head crowned with snow, his feeble form bent forward, still more eagerly, as if that far-away song were still sounding in his ears."

"Did he ever catch the little bird?"

"Never, so far as I can testify. But there came a day when he stood on the outmost verge of the forest, and there in full view, against the clear light toward the sunrising, was his little guide flying away over the meadows. Her song, which always before had a tone of sadness in it, now sounded glad and free; and then he saw that no false spirit had been sent to deceive him, but that the little bird herself had lost her way in the forest, and her cries for her beautiful home were the song that led him hitherward. So the best teacher man had ever had in this world was the echo in his own heart *to* the song of By-and-By."

Well, well! The story is a complete success, for no Oliver Twistian hearer makes any request for "more." Little Persian Lily has drooped her golden head upon my shoulder. Allie has yielded to a spell suggestive less of singing-birds than of lotus blossoms, and Minnie's dreamy eyes are looking into a future of her own devising, peopled with wax dolls in sumptuous array, and haunted by no teller of allegories in the place of stories.

So good-night to all, with pleasant dreams of By-and-By! E.

THE FAIRIES.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We dare n't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hilltop
The old king sits;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again,
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag leaves,
Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hillside,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig one up in spite,
He shall find the thornies set
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

—*William Allingham.*

THE MORNING AND EVENING STARS.

We think that many of our youthful readers who helped build the "Morning Star" for the missionaries in the Pacific, will be interested in the following notice of the "Evening Star," which the California children have been building. Mr. Gulick, a brother of Dr. Gulick the missionary, says:

"The history of that 'little ship' is briefly this: When Dr. L. H. Gulick, missionary from Micronesia, was in California, where he spent most of last year, being desirous of awakening in the children, and, through them, in their parents, a deeper interest in the missionary work, he proposed to them, through the pastors of their churches, by circulars, and through the press, that they, the children of California, build a deck-boat or little schooner, for the use of the Micronesian missionaries. Such a craft has been much needed, and the success of the mission on the low coral islands will be to a large extent dependent upon some such means of easy and safe passage from one island to another, of those which lie in contiguous groups. With the accustomed generosity and readily awakened impulses toward what is good of little children, they took hold of the object with much zeal, and when Dr. Gulick left for the Eastern States, in September, 1862, the work was well under way; and within a fortnight we have received letters announcing that all the money necessary has been raised, and the little craft built, and that the children of California have proven themselves worthy cousins of the children of the East, who a few years ago built the 'Morning Star,' and sent her out, their Messenger of Peace, to the dark-souled children of those distant isles.

"Yours, Wm. H. Gulick."

Selections.

FIDELITY IN LITTLE THINGS.

Great virtues are rare; the occasions for them are very rare; and when they do occur, we are prepared for them, we are excited by the grandeur of the sacrifice, we are supported either by the splendor of the deed in the eyes of the world, or by the self-complacency that we experience from the performance of an uncommon action. Little things are unforeseen; they return every moment; they come in contact with our pride, our indolence, our haughtiness, our readiness to take offense; they contradict our inclinations perpetually. We would much rather make certain great sacrifices to God, however violent and painful they might be, upon condition that we should be rewarded by liberty to follow our own desires and habits in the details of life. It is, however, only by fidelity in little things that a true and constant love to God can be distinguished from a passing fervor of spirit. . . .

Let us remember that God looks in our actions only for the motive. The world judges us by appearance; God counts for nothing what is most dazzling to men. What he desires is a pure intention, true docility, and a sincere self-renunciation. All this is exercised more frequently, and in a way that tries us more severely, on common than on great occasions. Sometimes we cling more tenaciously to a trifle than to a great interest. It would give us more pain to relinquish an amusement than to bestow a great sum in charity. We are more easily led away by little things, because we believe them more innocent, and imagine that we are less attached to them; nevertheless, when God deprives us of them, we soon discover from the pain of privation how excessive and inexcusable was our attachment to them. The sincerity of our piety is also impeached by the neglect of minor duties. What probability is there that we should not hesitate to make great sacrifices, when we shrink from slight ones?

But what is most dangerous to the mind, is the habit it acquires of unfaithfulness. True love to God thinks nothing small. All that can please or displease him is great. It does not produce constraint and weak scruples, but it places no limits to its fidelity; it acts with simplicity, and as it is not embarrassed with things that God has not commanded, it never hesitates a moment about what he does command, whether it be great or small.

Those persons who are naturally less exact ought to make an inviolable law with themselves about trifles. They are tempted to despise them; they have a habit of thinking them of no consequence; they are not aware of the insensible growth of the passions; they forget even their own most fatal experience. They trust to a delusive courage, though it has before failed them, for the support of their fidelity.

"It is a trifle," they say, "it is nothing." True; but it is a nothing that will be everything to you, a trifle that you prefer to the will of God, a trifle that will be your ruin. There is no real elevation of mind in a contempt of little things; it is, on the contrary, from too narrow views that we consider those things of little importance which have in fact such extensive consequences. The more apt we are to neglect small things, the more we ought to fear the effects of this negligence, be watchful over ourselves, and place around us, if possible, some insurmountable barrier to this remissness. Do not let us be troubled at this constant attention to trifles; at first it will require courage to maintain it, but it is a penance that we have need of, and that will at last bring us peace and serenity. God will gradually render this state pleasant and easy to us.—*Fenelon.*

DENTISTRY.

Mungo Park served an apprenticeship in a doctor's drug-shop in Selkirk, and during his study of physic compounds, the following little episode, which we had from a venerable doctor of medicine, occurred: An old well-known burgher stepped into the shop one day, and, looking in an excited manner at the boy, said: "Mungo, is the doctor in?" "No sir." "Oh, dear! and I'm nearly dead wi' the toothache." "But I'll draw the tooth for you, if you wish it drawn." "You, callant? Did you ever draw ony teeth before?" "Yes, I have, sir." "Troth, I'll rather come back again and see the doctor than lippen ye." The old gentleman went off, and, ere long, returned with the old question, "Mungo, my man, is the doctor in now?" "No, sir; he's not come yet." "What am I to do? I'm nearly daft wi' the pain. Mungo, are ye perfectly downright sure ye've drawn teeth before this?" "I really have, sir," said the boy. "Then get the nippers and take out mine. Now mind!—take care—be canny." The youth extracted the tooth, and after the old gentleman got over the shock it caused, and found himself relieved, he complimented him on the skill he had shown,—and then asked him how many teeth he had drawn before operating on himself. "Only thirty-two," said Mungo. "Thirty-twa! Troth, I think it's a guid *only*. Where in the world did a' the folk come frae?" "Oh, I took them all out of one man's mouth." "That was dreadfu'! I wonder that the man let ye pull them." "He could not prevent me." "How?" "Because he was dead." The old gentleman sprang from his seat, ejaculated "Mercy on us!" and hurriedly left the shop.—*Once a Week.*

PRAYER FROM THE HEART.

It is observable, that when a man is to swim over some river, having thrown himself into the water, he passeth as far as he can by the strength of his first stroke, and then being as it were at a stand, he fetcheth another stroke, and so a third, and a fourth, till he come to the place where he would be. So in the matter of prayer, in our addresses unto God, we must do as that godly martyr of Christ, Mr. John Bradford, was said to do, not to ramble from one petition to another, till he had brought his heart into a perfect frame of prayer, so that every passage of prayer had its full work. As for instance, in the Lord's Prayer, when a man shall say, Thy kingdom come, and then shall be thinking with himself, O, but if it should now come, what a case am I in, that am thus unprovided? Then in the midst of these thoughts, say, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven, letting the tongue go on, whilst the heart is on somewhat else; this is an error, a green wound easy to be cured, being one good thought instead of another, which is to be done by serious and deliberate attendance, and careful dwelling on one particular, till another be presented.

TREATMENT OF LOVE.

Strange is it that the passion of love should not be taken into deeper consideration by our teachers and by our legislators. People educate and legislate as if there were no such thing in the world: but ask the priest, ask the physician; let *them* reveal the amount of moral and physical results from this one cause. Must love be ever treated with profaneners, as a mere illusion; or with coarseness, as a mere impulse; or with fear, as a mere disease; or with shame, as a mere weakness; or with levity, as a mere accident? Whereas, it is a great mystery and a great necessity, lying at the foundations of human existence, morality, and happiness, mysterious, universal, inevitable as death. Death must come, and love must come; but the state in which they find us, whether blinded, astonished, frightened, and ignorant, or, like reasonable creatures, guarded and fit to manage our own feelings—this depends on ourselves; and, for want of self-management and self-knowledge, look at the evils that arise—hasty, improvident, unsuitable marriages; repining, diseased, or vicious celibacy; irretrievable infamy, careless insanity; the death that comes early, and the love that comes late, reversing the primary laws of our nature.

ANECDOTES OF BIRDS.

There is much more intellect in birds than people suppose. An instance of that occurred in a slate quarry belonging to a friend, from whom I have the narrative. A thrush, not aware of the expansive properties of gunpowder, thought proper to build her nest on a ridge of the quarry, in the very center of which they were constantly blasting the rock. At first she was very much discomposed by the fragments flying in all directions, but she would not quit her chosen locality. She soon observed that a bell rang whenever a train was about to be fired, and that, at the notice, the workmen retired to safe positions. In a few days, when she heard the bell, she quitted her exposed situation, and flew down to where the workmen sheltered themselves, dropping close to their feet. There she would remain until the explosion had taken place, and then she returned to her nest. The workmen observed this, and narrated it to their employers, and it was also told to visitors who came to view the quarry. The visitors naturally expressed a wish to witness so curious a specimen of intellect; but as the rock could not always be ready to be blasted when visitors came, the bell was rung instead, and for a few times answered the same purpose. The thrush flew down close to where they stood; but she perceived that she was trifled with, and it interfered with her process of incubation; the consequence was that afterwards, when the bell was rung, she would peep over the ledge to ascertain if the workmen did retreat, and if they did not she would remain where she was, probably saying to herself, "No, no, gentlemen; I'm not to be roused off my eggs for your amusement." Some birds have a great deal of humor in them, particularly the raven. One that belonged to me was the most mischievous and amusing creature I ever met with. He would get into the flower-garden, go to the beds where the gardener had sowed a great variety of seeds, with sticks put in the ground with labels, and then he would amuse himself with pulling up every stick, and laying them in heaps of ten or twelve on the path. This used to irritate the old gardener very much, who would drive him away. The raven knew that he ought not to do it, or he would not have done it. He would soon return to his mischief, and when the gardener again chased him, (the old man could not walk very fast,) the raven would just keep clear of the rake or hoe in his hand, dancing back before him, and singing as plain as a man could, "Tol de rol de rol! tol de rol de rol!" with all kinds of mimicking gestures. The bird is alive now, and continues the same meritorious practice whenever he can find an opportunity.—*Maryatt.*

Two boys were once playing under a tree, when a nut fell from it on the grass. One of them picked it up. The other boy said, "It is my nut, for I saw it fall." "No, it is mine," said the other, "for I picked it up." Just then a large boy came along, and he said, "What are you disputing about?" The little boys told him. "Give it to me," said he; "I will decide your quarrel for you." They gave it to him. So he cracked the nut, and gave one-half the shell to one boy, saying, "This is for you, because you saw the nut fall." He then gave the other half shell to the second boy, saying, "This is yours, because you picked up the nut." Then putting the kernel into his own mouth, he said, "And this is for my trouble in cracking it." What do you think of the third boy?

A fit of unjust anger, petty malice, unreasonable vexation, or dark passion, cannot certainly, in a mind of ordinary sensibility, hold its own in the presence of a good engraving from any work of Angelico, Memling, or Perugino. But I nevertheless believe that he who trusts much to such helps will find them fail him at his need; and that the dependence, in any great degree, on the presence or power of a picture, indicates a wonderfully feeble sense of the presence and power of God. I do not think that any man who is thoroughly certain that Christ is in the room, will care what sort of pictures of Christ he has on its walls; and, in the plurality of cases, the delight taken in art of this kind is in reality nothing more than a form of graceful indulgence of those sensibilities which the habits of a disciplined life restrain in other directions. Such art is, in a word, the opera and drama of the monk.—*Ruskin.*

God's Acts Inscrutable to Man.—Take a straight stick, and put it into the water, and it will seem crooked. Why? because we look upon it through two mediums, air and water: there lies the *deceptio visus*; thence it is that we cannot discern aright. Thus the proceedings of God in his justice, which in themselves are straight, without the least obliquity, seem unto us crooked; that wicked men should prosper, and good men be afflicted; that the Israelites should make the bricks, and the Egyptians dwell in the houses; that servants should ride on horseback, and princes go on foot: these are things that make the best Christians stagger in their judgments. And why? but because they look upon God's proceedings through a double medium of flesh and spirit; that so all things seem to go cross, though, indeed, they go right enough. And hence it is that God's proceedings in his justice are not so well discerned,—the eyes of man alone being not competent judges thereof.

The early life of Saul the Persecutor, the enemy of Christ, left one indelible impression on the heart of the Apostle,—not in bitterness or remorse: but in the inextinguishable desire to do free service for the Gospel,—to atone for the past by spending and being spent in its cause, without being placed in any connection with it to which the thought of a recompense could attach. How noble is this desire to do something *voluntarily*, over and above what he was bound to do, on the part of one who, though no victim of morbid memories, could not altogether efface from his heart its past history. —*J. H. Thom.*

Humanity in its First and Fallen Condition.—The philosopher being asked which was the best member of the body? answered, The tongue; and being asked again, which was the worst, answered, The tongue; if good, the only trumpet of God's glory; if bad, a very firebrand of hell. So, if it were asked, Which creature of God was the best? the answer would be, Man in honor before his fall; and what the worst creature? Man in his fall, who hath not understanding, but is compared to beasts that perish.

The Way to Heaven Straight and Narrow.—Look upon a man somewhat thick-sighted, when he is to pass over a narrow bridge, how he puts on his spectacles to make it seem broader, but so his eyes beguile his feet that he falls into the brook. And thus it is that many are drowned in the whirlpool of sin, by viewing the passage to heaven only with the spectacles of flesh and blood. They think the bridge broad, which indeed is narrow; the gate to be wide, which indeed is straight, and so ruin themselves for ever.

When Nelson went into the fight at Trafalgar, he raised his eyes and said, "I thank thee, O my God, for this great opportunity." Similar thankfulness should fill every man's heart who lives in time of tumult. Only let him be sure that he *does* eternal approbation of the Infinite Scrutiny. —*Brighton.*

Unpainted Pictures.—A man spell-bound by shadows which proceed from himself.

A lover of enjoyment keeping open one little crevice to feast his eyes on a scene he cannot leave, while whole legions of devils enter in at it unseen.

Scientific Bird's-nesting.—Edinburgh publishers announce a volume, by the late Charles St. John, author of

golden eagle to the golden-crested wren; from the wild swan to the teal, and have had opportunities of so doing which, perhaps, no other person has had."

"WORDSWORTH," said Charles Lamb, "one day told me that he considered Shakespeare greatly overrated." "There is an immensity of trick in all Shakespeare wrote," he said, "and people are taken in by it. Now if I had a mind, I could write exactly like Shakespeare." "So you see," proceeded Charles Lamb, quietly, "it was *only the mind* that was wanting!"

DR. GULICK of the Micronesian mission says that, when translating selections from the Gospel, the translator was long in doubt what native word to use to signify "Amen." After careful inquiry among the natives, he hit upon what he supposed would most nearly give its idea. What was his surprise to find, awhile later, that his synonym for the devout word which ends the Christian prayers had the equivocal sense of—*dry up.*

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NEW YORK, April 25, 1863.

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INSURANCE.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

"*PARTICIPATING INSURANCE.*"

OFFICE OF THE

CONTINENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY,

No. 102 BROADWAY.

Cash Capital (all paid in)	$500,000 00
Surplus, July 1, 1863	778,772 23
Liabilities, July 1, 1863	27,148 04

NEW YORK, July 9, 1863.

☞ The Directors of this Company have this day declared

A DIVIDEND OF FIFTY PER CENT.

to its customers, upon the premiums earned during the year ending 1st instant on all policies entitling the holders to participate in the profits of the Company's business, and Scrip will be issued on the 10th day of September to Policy-Holders for the amount to which they are respectively entitled.

ALSO,

AN INTEREST DIVIDEND OF SIX PER CENT. on all outstanding Scrip, payable in cash on the 10th day of September next.

ALSO,

A SEMI-ANNUAL CASH DIVIDEND OF SEVEN PER CENT. upon the capital of the Company, payable to the Stockholders or their legal representatives on and after Monday, 10th inst.

The Scrip Transfer Books will be closed from the 1st to the 10th of September.

H. R. LAMPORT,

Secretary.

OFFICE OF THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
No. 112 and 114 Broadway, N. Y.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

ACCUMULATION.....$2,586,346 07.

A Life Insurance policy is a protection to the family beyond all contingencies.

Premiums received quarterly semi-annually, or annually.

Number of Policies issued in 1862.....3,302

A Scrip Dividend of 35 per cent. was declared in January, 1863.

Policies issued upon the non-forfeiture system, *originally introduced by this Company*, requiring only ten annual premiums in cash, after which they become a source of income to the holders, dividends being declared thereon during the life-time of the assured, without any further payments.

This is a purely Mutual Company, the policy-holders being the only participants in the profits.

Endowments, payable on attaining a specified age, or at death, should it previously occur, granted upon favorable terms.

Commence insurance early in life, when the premium is small and gradually increases as circumstances may justify; and as it is only when in health that it can be effected, remember that life is uncertain and delays are dangerous.

MORRIS FRANKLIN, President.

FLINT FREEMAN, Actuary.

DIVIDENDS, JULY, 1863.

MARKET

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

No. 37 WALL STREET.

Capital	$200,000 00
Net Surplus, July 1	100,575 92

NEW YORK, July 14, 1863.

The Board of Directors have this day declared a SCRIP DIVIDEND of

FORTY-FIVE PER CENT.

on the premiums on the policies written with the participation provisions, and marked off during the year ended 30th June ult. The scrip to be ready for delivery on and after the first of September.

The Board also declared

SIX PER CENT.

interest on the outstanding scrip of the Company, payable on demand.

Also, a SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND of

SIX AND A HALF PER CENT.

on the Capital Stock of the Company, payable on demand, all free of Government tax.

ASHER TAYLOR, President.

H. P. FREEMAN, Secretary.

FIRST-CLASS FIRE INSURANCE.

MARKET

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

No. 37 WALL STREET, N. Y.

CASH CAPITAL.....$500,000,

WITH LARGE SURPLUS,

All paid up in Cash, and, with the large surplus, securely invested on bonds and mortgages, U. S. Treasury Notes, and loans on call on good stocks.

DIRECTORS.

BENJ. H. HOWELL,	PHILETUS H. HOLT,
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This Company insures respectable parties against disaster by Fire, on

MERCHANDISE,

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,

BUILDINGS

and the better class of risks generally, at the lowest rates consistent with the security of its policy-holders. The business of this Company is conducted on

THE PARTICIPATION PLAN,

so successfully pursued by it for several years past, by which THREE-QUARTERS OF THE NET PROFITS are divided annually to the Customers in Scrip, bearing interest, and the Fund represented by said Scrip is safely invested and held UNTIL IT SHALL AMOUNT TO FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, for the guaranty of the Policies, by which the Security of the Insurance is increased and the Cost Reduced, without the least liability on the part of the assured.

☞ The liberal and prompt adjustment of claims for loss, when fair and square, is a specialty with this Company.

ASHER TAYLOR, President.

H. P. FREEMAN, Secretary.

TWENTIETH ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

MUTUAL LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

OFFICE, No. 94 BROADWAY.

☞ The following is a statement of the affairs of the Company for the fiscal year ending 31st January, 1863:

Net Cash Assets, 1st Feb., 1862	$7,839,788 18
Receipts during the year	1,755,265 51
	$9,595,053 69
Total Disbursements for Losses by Death, and additions to same, Surrendered Policies, Annuities, Commissions, and Expenses	676,886 66
Net Cash Assets, 1st Feb., 1863	$8,918,167 03

INVESTED AS FOLLOWS:

Cash on hand, in Trust Companies, and in Bank	$1,301,888 45
Bonds and Mortgages	5,433,058 00
United States Stocks	2,006,733 35
Real Estate, etc	93,011 86
Due from Agents	23,476 21
	$8,918,167 03
Add:	
Interest accrued but not due	96,502 56
Interest due but not paid	19,548 94
Deferred premiums	176,191 92
Premiums in course of transmission	14,708 42
Gross Assets, Feb. 1, 1863	$9,225,119 79
Increase in Net Cash Assets for the year	$1,078,399 83

Number of Policies in force February 1, 1863, 12,981, insuring the sum of $37,391,490, exclusive of Reversionary additions.

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement, and find the same to be correct.

SHEPPARD HOMANS, Actuary.

Since the organization of the Company 1,257 deaths have occurred among its members, on whose policies the sum of $4,354,316 40 has been paid, of which $437,269 27 were paid as Dividends or Additions to Policies, and which does not include their participation in the approaching distribution of surplus.

☞ The details of the Dividend of the date of 1st February, 1863, will be announced to Policy-holders as soon as practicable.

This Company offers the following peculiar advantages to persons intending to insure their lives:

ITS ASSETS are LARGER than those of any Life Insurance Company in the United States, amounting to over

NINE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS,

and are EXCLUSIVELY CASH.

THE PROPORTION OF ITS CASH ASSETS to the amount at risk is Greater than that of any other Life Insurance Company in the United States.

ITS RATES OF PREMIUM are LOWER than those of the majority of other Life Insurance Companies—yet its Dividends have been GREATER: the result of a very low rate of mortality among the insured, consequent on a most careful and judicious selection of lives.

THE MORTALITY AMONG ITS MEMBERS has been proportionately less than that of any other Life Insurance Company in either America or Europe whose experience has been made known—a result in the highest degree favorable to Policy-holders.

THE DIVIDENDS of this Company may be used either to increase the amount Insured or to reduce the payment of premiums at the option of the Policy-holder.

THE ASSETS of the Company are invested exclusively on Bond and Mortgage on Real Estate in the City and State of New York, worth in each case at least DOUBLE the amount loaned, and bearing interest at Seven per cent., and in United States Stocks; the solidity and security of this disposition of the Company's Funds cannot be overrated.

THE NUMBER OF LIVES INSURED in this Company greatly exceeds that of any other Life Insurance Company in the United States, thus affording a SECURITY above them all—the RESULT BEING OF AVERAGES having more scope for operation.

SECURITY is, in Life Insurance, the paramount consideration; and all other circumstances being equal, that Company is the SAFEST in which the largest number is assured.

NOTE.—The Business of this Company is conducted on the MUTUAL principle, in the strictest sense of the term; the entire surplus, DISCOUNTED MATURITY INSURANCE ASSETS, being equitably divided among the Assured.

FREDERICK S. WINSTON, President.
ISAAC ABBATT, Secretary.
SHEPPARD HOMANS, Actuary.
BENJAMIN POPE, M.D., Medical Examiner.
RICHARD A. MCCURDY, Attorney.
COUNSEL.
WILLIAM BETTS, LL.D.
HON. LUCIUS ROBINSON.

OFFICE

OF THE

COLUMBIAN (MARINE) INSURANCE COMPANY,

CORNER OF WALL AND NASSAU STREETS.

CASH CAPITAL.....$1,000,000.

TOTAL ASSETS, June 2, 1863, less Losses Adjusted and Paid.....$2,008,651 02

LOSSES PAID IN GOLD upon Risks on which the Premium is paid in like Currency.

DEALERS with this Company will be allowed the option (to be signified at the time of application for insurance) of receiving in lieu of scrip, at the end of each year, Returns in Cash, of premiums paid and earned during the year, upon all new risks under the New York form of policy, as follows:

1st. Upon every OPEN policy (CARGO RISKS) upon which there shall have been earned and paid $300 and upwards, a return of TWENTY PER CENT.

2d. Upon other voyage risks upon CARGO and FREIGHT, a return of FIFTEEN PER CENT.

3d. Upon TIME risks upon HULLS and FREIGHT, a return of TEN PER CENT.

Such privilege, however, being confined to persons and firms the aggregate of whose premiums upon such policies earned and paid during the year shall amount to the sum of One Hundred Dollars.

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ANDREW J. RICH	" Pres. Bank of Attica, Buffalo.
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B. C. MORRIS, President.

THOS. LORD, Vice-President.

WM. M. WHITNEY, 2d Vice-President and Secretary.

SECURITY

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

No. 31 PINE STREET,

NEW YORK.

Cash Capital	$500,000 00
Surplus, Feb. 1, 1863	195,759 84
Net Assets	$695,759 84

UNSETTLED LOSSES, $3,000.

DEALERS RECEIVE 75 PER CENT. OF NET PROFITS.

The SECURITY also insures against loss by Inland Navigation on the LAKES, CANALS, and RIVERS.

Losses promptly adjusted and paid.

JOSEPH WALKER, President.
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General News.

THE WAR.

IN GENERAL.

During about a month, the armies of the Union have captured one of the three main armies of the rebels, defeated and driven back another, and out-maneuvered and driven back the third; thus cutting the rebellion across at the Mississippi, and confining its life and only real remaining substance within a line drawn along the Tombigbee, the northern boundary of Alabama and Georgia, and the Atlantic side of the Alleghanies. Their ruler has summoned out every young and middle-aged man in his realm, and proclaimed a fast. Their papers groan without finding comfort over the fall of Vicksburg, and a prominent officer taken there confesses, "We have played a big game and lost," and says, "As soon as I am exchanged I shall leave the Confederacy and the cause for Europe." Pemberton's troops fled for home so swiftly that one of his colonels had not a man to march out with to the parole camp. Their chief guerrilla, Morgan, is prisoner with his whole army, caught in Ohio. Many testimonies show that the rebel rank and file are perfectly sick of their folly, and ready for peace on any terms. Against the 70,000 men who are all that Jeff Davis can bring out even if everybody minds him, Mr. Lincoln has called out 300,000, and they are gathering rapidly and readily, the only opposition having been led into existence by Copperheads, and only in New York city and a few other nuclei of vice.

In Virginia, Lee has retreated southward up the Shenandoah Valley, and with some little loss had on the 27th concentrated near Culpepper Court-House, the point from which they set out for Pennsylvania. Lee's army is said to be discouraged, and its organization much shaken.

In the Southwest, all that can be said is, that garrisons are left in Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and it is reported that Banks' and Grant's forces are already in motion, whither, is unknown. Speculation indicates a reconquest by Banks of Louisiana, with a view to advance into Texas; and a design by Grant upon Mobile. That city is certainly in a great fright, and Johnston appears to be falling back in that direction.

Rosecrans is apparently preparing at his leisure for further advances. He has not moved on Chattanooga, but remains still on the northern side of the mountains.

PORT HUDSON.

The surrender of Port Hudson was only four days later than that of Vicksburg. On July 7, there was so much rejoicing, cheering, and firing of salutes in our lines over the fall of Vicksburg, that the rebel curiosity inside was wonderfully excited, and at last one of their officers inquired what all the noise was about. He would not believe that Vicksburg was taken, however, until he had been handed over the breastworks (for the two armies were at several points within conversing distance of each other) a copy of Grant's official announcement of the surrender, vouched for on the honor of the Union officer. This, however, convinced him; he took it to Gen. Gardner, the commander of the post, and the consequence was that, at 2 o'clock the next morning, a parley was sounded, terms asked, and an unconditional surrender demanded, which was granted, and the post was given up next day at noon. The rebel supplies were totally exhausted, and, as at Vicksburg, their men were at once fed from our commissariat.

Gen. Banks sums his captures as over 5,500 prisoners, a major and a brigadier-general, 20 heavy guns, 5 complete field batteries, in all of 31 guns, a good supply of projectiles, nearly 50,000 pounds of cannon powder, 5,000 stand of arms, 150,000 rounds small-arm ammunition, some miscellaneous stores, and 2 steamers, one very valuable.

This capture opens the Mississippi, though doubtless there may be some trouble yet from guerrilla bands. But the first steamboat has already passed down to New Orleans. It was the Imperial, a first-class boat; and her captain reports that he was fairly overrun with applications from Pemberton's men, who are running away, tired and sick of the war, having got all "their rights," and escaping home as fast as possible. They are going off down the river—those that live that way—he says, on boats, planks, logs, canoes, anything.

MORGAN AND HIS MEN.

John Morgan and his horse-stealing host have at last been "hived" by the Indiana, Ohio, and Kentucky troops and farmers. His raid was a most curious and apparently foolhardy affair, not to be explained except by considering it in connection with the New York riots, Lee's plans in Pennsylvania, Stephens' attempt to reach Washington, and the foreign movements toward intervention.

Morgan, with between 4,000 and 5,000 men, and ten field-pieces, had already scared Louisville, when he turned quickly, and on July 8, stole two steamboats and crossed into Indiana, 40 miles below Louisville, and 170 below Cincinnati. Aside from a purpose in connection with other rebel movements, this expedition seems to have had no special purpose except to break up railroads, steal horses, and plunder generally, perhaps as a sort of set-off to the various recent Union raids. But the unfortunate Morgan, instead of finding an empty country to raid in, found it literally "choke-full." The invasion extended over a period of 18 days, and a series of marches of at least 400 miles in all, which, after the first 40 miles or so, was one constant dodging flight amongst the forces that gathered all about him, until he at last surrendered away off in Columbiana county, almost on the eastern boundary of Ohio, his forces having been captured in detachments and squads, so that the final captures were of about 240 and lastly of 400, the latter, with Morgan himself, surrendering at 3 P.M of Sunday, July 26, near New Lisbon. He and his men are all safe in confinement, to be imprisoned until Col. Straight's officers, now in prison in Alabama, are released. He was headed off in several attempts to cross the Ohio into Kentucky, by some gun-boats. The hopelessness of his attempt to act with any military superiority is shown by the fact that in 48 hours, in response to Gov. Morton's call, 65,000 Indianians had offered their services to repel invasion, and in 3 days, 30,000 of them were actually in the field. The whole course of Morgan's march was marked, as was to be expected, by burning of bridges, breaking up of railroads, destroying homes, immense plundering of horses, property, clothes, and especially money, and all the outrages of such irregular operations.

THE ATTACK ON CHARLESTON.

We have already mentioned Gen. Gillmore's lodgment on Morris Island, made July 10, and his obtaining possession of two-thirds of it. He has since that time made two separate assaults on Fort Wagner, a very strong earthwork toward the north end of the Island, and has failed. The second of these was made after dark on the evening of July 18, after a heavy bombardment of the fort by land batteries and the iron-clad fleet. Two separate attacks were made, and after brave fighting repulsed. The 54th Mass. Regiment of colored volunteers led the first assault, and fought with the utmost bravery. The attack failed, according to all accounts, because the supports were not at hand when wanted. These supports, let every man remember, were commanded by Gen. Stevenson, who said that *he had rather lose a battle than win by the aid of negroes.* The matter looks very shameful, but may possibly be explained.

This repulse does not, however, obstruct Gen. Gillmore's proceedings; and he appears to be pressing right onward to get at Sumter and Charleston, probably by fortifying where he is, and occupying ground that turns Wagner. On Monday, the 21st, one account says, the first shot was fired at Sumter from a land battery since its surrender. It was a 30-pound Parrott projectile, fired by a sergeant of artillery who was in Sumter at its surrender, and exploded right on the parapet, on which Sumter, Wagner, Gregg, Vinegar Hill, Johnson, and a new battery, all blazed away at once, almost all the afternoon, without doing much harm.

TWO MORE ARTERIES CUT.

A dashing cavalry expedition was sent out by Gen. Scammon from Charleston, on the Kanawha, in Southwest Virginia, against the important main rebel railroad artery between Lynchburg and Knoxville, in the middle of July. It consisted of parts of the regiments of Col Toland, 34th Ohio mounted infantry, and of Col. Powell, 2d Va. cavalry. Passing over the mountains they struck the railroad at Wytheville, Va., broke up the road, destroyed 2 cannon, 700 muskets, and a large quantity of ammunition and stores, killed 25, captured 125, wounded unknown. Our whole loss, 78, killed, wounded, and missing. Our troops, being fired on from the houses, totally destroyed the town.

—Another similar expedition was sent out by Gen. Foster, now in command of both North Carolina and Southeastern Virginia, at about the same time, under Brig.-Gen. E. E. Patton. It consisted of the 3d N. Y. Cavalry, and parts of some other regiments. It moved from Washington, N. C., struck the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad at Rocky Mount, 18 miles west of Tarboro, destroyed the R. R. bridge there, 350 feet long, and an enormous value in mills, machinery, ammunition, rolling stock, buildings, and cotton; went to Tarboro and destroyed a great quantity of ordnance and subsistence stores, cotton, cars, 100 bales cotton, a sawmill, 2 steam-boats, and a large fine unfinished iron-clad. The force also took 100 prisoners, 300 horses and mules, and brought into Newbern some 300 contrabands.

—A third foray, by steam-boat, up the Tensas and Black Rivers, surprised the rebels all through that region, and destroyed or captured an immense quantity of rebel ammunition and stores; took two fine steamers, one loaded with stores, and destroyed two others; and thoroughly demoralized and scared the rebels all through that region.

NAVAL.

The rebel and English pirates continue to cruise in safety, and to seize and burn or ransom our ships. So long a career of these wretches, in the ocean which washes our own coasts, is apparently conclusive evidence of either an absolute purpose by our Government that they shall not be caught, of the most utter imbecility in our Navy Department, or of a silent resolution to consider these piracies as *the work of England*, therefore to be borne with while we are in trouble, and to be accounted for afterwards.

—Among other of these doings, the Georgia, one of these pirates, captured the George Griswold, on her return from carrying a cargo of food to the starving Lancashire operatives, and bonded her.

—The blockade continues to be more than respectably effective.

—The iron-clad fleet is vigorously co-operating with Gen. Gillmore in the attack on Charleston.

—The utmost harmony seems to have prevailed between our naval and land commanders on the Mississippi; and much good feeling has been expressed on occasion of their recent cessation of joint labors after the surrender of Port Hudson and Vicksburg.

THE NEGRO TROOPS.

A letter from Port Hudson says: I am sorry to say the impression that the rebels gave no quarter to colored regiments when the assault was made upon the fort, is confirmed by the fact that we could find no negro prisoners in the place, and there were none in the hospital.

—The negro troops who fought so bravely at the recent repulse at Fort Wagner received no quarter or were sent away, if taken, to be sold into slavery. Brave men! Their freedom is at hand, though their individual prospects are at this moment dark.

—A correspondent at Port Hudson thus narrates the usefulness and the sentiments of the negro soldiers before that place:

"The whole of Gen. Ullman's corps are at the front. These men have never yet had time to drill. They work with their picks, their spades, and shovels, by night, by day, close up, at times in sight of the rebels. This they endure nobly, and without a murmur. For three weeks steady I see Col. James C. Clark's 24 Regiment marched every night to labor till morning on the works. I never heard a growl from any of them. They march off steadily willingly, and with an air so determined that one could readily comprehend the purposes which animated them. A night in the trenches affords some incidents of the most instructive and amusing kind. One says: 'Guess I likes to tro up dis ere dirt for I spect my old massa is in dat ar place, and dis dirt is sure to make a fort what will help me see massa dead cause on it.' Another says: 'Wonder if dem rebs knows what wese a dwine here. Reckon day knows we isn't a hoin de canebrake; day all finds out what wese a dwine fore long I reckon.' Thus willing and happy are these men in the hottest and most dangerous labors."

—C. A. Dana, formerly of *The Tribune*, has been for several months at Gen. Grant's headquarters, it is said as an agent of the War Department. He says that the negro troops are popular with all, officers and men; and that the whole Western army has become an army of Abolitionists, in consequence of its personal experience in the slave states. This naturally followed, because they are *men*, with true hearts and right and just instincts.

—A first negro U. S. volunteer regiment has been filled in Philadelphia, to be commanded by Col. B. Tilghman, and a second is begun. The first colored regiment in the District of Columbia is full, and three more are begun. Solicitor Whiting, in a recent letter to the Colored Convention at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., says the Government already has 40,000 troops in its service; that "a man once made free by law cannot be again made a slave," and that, on this question, the Administration will never "take the back track."

THINGS IN THE SOUTH.

North Carolina is still disturbed, besides the operations of our armies, by the bold and active agitation of a vigorous party thoroughly opposed to Jeff Davis, and verging more and more toward a separation from the rebel confederacy, if not toward a reunion with the United States. *The Raleigh Standard*, for instance, comes out clearly and boldly for reconstruction, though to be sure it demands a system of gradual emancipation. Even that is a dreadful come-down.

—Jeff Davis has ordered out for soldiers all the remaining white male population between 18 and 45. A computation has been made that from the territory remaining under his power, and allowing for losses hitherto, this leaves only about 70,000 men available under the call. Other calculations fix the number as low as 54,000, and even 35,000.

—Rebel paper money is not worth ten cents on the dollar at Vicksburg.

THE DRAFT.

The draft is substantially proved entirely successful, and the conscripts are already quietly and rapidly gathering to their rendezvous, on the way to fill the meager regiments of our veteran armies. No opposition of any importance has been attempted except in New York city, and even there it has subsided into a sullen quiet, not to awaken again until the time shall come for seizing as deserters the scum who swear they will not fight for the laws and the country which protect their lives and liberty.

SIBLEY'S INDIAN EXPEDITION.

News from this expedition down to about July 1, indicates that it may have already turned out the great contract swindle and military blunder that it has seemed likely to become. Who ever heard of a heavily armed infantry force catching prairie Indians? And besides, the region into which this foolish army went after Little Crow (they might just as well have gone after a flock of crows) is always a dry and thirsty one; is more so than ever this year, by reason of a special drought, and the Indians have burned over the prairie right before Sibley. There is great reason to fear that he will do nothing except benefit contractors at the expense of the country and of brave men and innocent settlers.

PERSONAL.

The Great Bickley, the original patriarch and great-grandfather of all the Knights of the Golden Circle, by some fortunate delusion was inspired a few days ago to come to New Albany, Ind., where he was recognized, arrested with a trunk full of mystic traps and documents, and sent to the military prison at Louisville. His museum contained letters, a "degree book," a chart of grips, grimaces, etc., and other things. It will be a great pity if the whole story of the Knights is not squeezed or coaxed out of him, somehow.

ITEMS.

There is a story in the papers, that Jeff Davis's own library and private correspondence have been discovered by the information of a negro. The letters, it is said, some of them, date back to 1852, and throw much light on the hatching of the secession plot. The story needs confirmation. If it is true, the correspondence should at once be printed.

—In Paducah, Ky., July 10, there was a great Union illumination, a great Union mass-meeting, and a great hanging of Jeff Davis in effigy. Two years ago the place was in the hands of secessionists.

ANECDOTES.

The way the Mississippi is "opened to trade."—A New Orleans newsboy who went up to Port Hudson was asked if he saw the surrender. "Oh yes, I went in with the army." "What did they do?" "Gardner guv up his sword, and then they raised the stars and stripes on the flagstaff." "Well, what then?" "They opened a sutler's shop down by the landing."

—On one of the last nights at Vicksburg, quite an excitement was raised by a deep-voiced private in our rifle-pits calling out as follows:

"Attention, battalion! Order arms! Fix bayonets! Shoulder arms! Charge bayonets! Forward, double-quick!" Just at this juncture an entire volley of musketry from the rebels greeted our pits. It was dark, and they thought a charge had been made. As soon as the report of the discharge had died away our hero cried out, as if to a regiment: "Why are you wavering there? Forward! I say *forward!*"

Another volley came rattling over their heads, when, having carried the joke far enough, the boys fell to shooting at the excited rebels, and ceased only when the pickets were posted.

—In the end of the siege of Vicksburg, the troops in the trenches were so close that though out of sight of each other, they could rattle bayonets together over the works. One night, for instance, a rebel sung out to a Federal in the ditch below: "Fed, if you want me to fight you any longer, you must give us a cracker to eat with my mule meat, for it is tougher than alligator. I will give you a plug of tobacco for your biscuit." "Darn your tobacco," said the Fed; "though hand it over, just to see what kind o' chawing you fellows get, and here's your biscuit." With that they exchanged commodities on the point of their bayonets.

Commercial and Financial.

MONEY AS MASTER AND SERVANT.

It is scarcely possible, considering human depravity, to have great prosperity without more or less reckless extravagance. If money is very easily obtained, it is, usually, very easily and often very foolishly spent. This has always been so, and probably always will be so, until the world is greatly elevated and purified. We are commanded to be "diligent in business"—a much-loved text among selfish, miserly men—and if business diligence is rewarded with an amplitude of riches, of course we must either hoard our money or spend it.

We have no question whatever that God requires his creatures to use their money for his glory—for the advancement of his kingdom and the good of men—just as truly, as conscientiously, and as faithfully as he does their mental talents and endowments. One man says, in his luxurious easy chair, (puffed full of pride,) If I only were a great orator, how I would move the people by my eloquence to do good and to be good. How benevolent! But you are not an orator, and therefore you cannot do an orator's work. You that would be orators, what are you doing with your business talents and your money? Did you ever try the luxury, in another way, of doing good, and on a large scale? Just, for once, make the experiment in building or endowing a college. You will then be convinced that there are more ways than one to benefit your fellow-men. If you cannot *be* an orator, you can with your money found an institution which shall turn out a score or more of such men annually, and in time you may be the direct instrument of having a thousand such men in the field, all eloquently pleading for the welfare and greatest good of the people. A rich man, therefore, cannot live at ease; he cannot live to enjoy his own wealth; he cannot either waste his substance or use it on himself and family; he cannot rush into all sorts of extravagant habits in order to use up either his capital or his surplus annual gains. Neither can he be an idle spectator in the world's affairs. He must be a co-worker with all good men.

Nine-tenths of the human race believe that a man is happy in proportion to the money he has to spend on *himself*. A millionaire, it is argued, whose income is from fifty to seventy-five thousand dollars per year, and who lives most extravagantly, is twice as happy in this world as one with half that amount. Such a man, it is said, can have "the best of everything," and therefore he must be, *par excellence*, *the* happy man—his cup of enjoyment must be full. A grand mistake.

Because a man has money, he has no right to be either selfish or exclusive. He should make others happy in proportion to the *power* God has given him, in his wealth, to do such noble work. He should only be extravagant in his benevolence. He should, with the wealth of a prince, do good in a princely way. The lever with which he is to move the world is in his pocket, not in his hand or in his mouth. He may be a tongue-tied stammerer, but he should not be a purse-tied miser, parting with his money only for show, only to minister to his pride, only to gain the applause of his extravagant, unprincipled neighbors.

There are more than one hundred men in the city of New York who have each a *yearly* income of fifty thousand dollars or more, varying from fifty thousand to three millions. What a power these men have—a power they never dreamed of—a power sufficient to shake the world—a power to increase, entirely beyond human comprehension, the happiness of every man, woman, and child in the nation—a power to make *themselves* reel and stagger with earthly joy and delight—a power to make heaven and earth vocal with praise in view of the manifold treasures of good which they could cause to flow in *every direction*.

We have *clubs*, composed of all sorts of men, for all sorts of purposes. We have club-houses where men congregate to kill time—to "eat, drink, (smoke, chew,) and be merry." We have also clubs to promote many good objects, to encourage art, to stimulate a thirst for literature, to gather historical knowledge, to cultivate music, to multiply graces and refinements, and to do all sorts of desirable things. We have clubs, societies, or organizations, on a larger scale, to help the poor, to send the Gospel to the heathen, to publish Bibles and tracts, to minister to all the social, moral, political, and religious wants of man. Now let us have a few clubs of another class, the express object of which shall be to do good on a large scale. A club of rich men—a club of millionaires—a club of merchant princes—a club of men who don't know what to do with their annual income, except to increase it from year to year. What a revenue of happiness and glory a few such clubs could produce! We don't say their combined labor would equal the work of all the Christian missionaries now toiling on every benighted foreign shore. It might, however, if it was baptized with a true, heroic, Christian spirit. We don't say that they would put to shame all Christendom in the aggregate benefits and blessings they might confer upon the race if their *whole* power and strength was put forth. But could they not do so, if they were animated and *fired* with the spirit of the Divine Master?

Money as master produces selfishness of the worst type; nay, more than that, slavery; nay, more, crime; nay, more, lunacy; nay, more, death and eternal destruction. Money, as our servant, bitted, bridled, full harnessed and trained—directed—to do its own appropriate work, and guided by the hand of true benevolence, is all-powerful, all-elevating, all-refining, all-furnishing for every useful, noble, Christian work. God be thanked for all the mountains of gold, of every land, for all the untold treasures of silver, for costly diamonds, pearls, rubies, and all manner of precious stones—*his own gifts to man.* May we love the Great Giver, and use such gifts as it becometh his loving, devoted, obedient children.

INSURANCE.

The necessity for institutions established for the purpose of insuring individuals against loss and damage, and perhaps consequent ruin, by means of fire, no sane man will for a moment question. Accidental fires are inseparable from the prosecution of business, and, in fact, from every condition of society, composed as it is of creatures liable to err.

Protection, therefore, from the ruin consequent upon the destroying acts of ourselves and others accidental or willful, in this particular line of casualty, is just as needful as are the laws and government which protect our persons and our right to enjoy our liberty and property.

Such institutions must therefore be established, and we, who would enjoy their benefits, must contribute our share toward their maintenance and efficiency. We have then only to embrace that system which will most surely secure to us the immunity we need, without *unfair* or *disproportionate* cost. Those of our readers who have been interested in the commercial reviews which have appeared in our columns, have observed that we have noticed with some particularity and evident satisfaction the progress of the Continental Insurance Company, more especially since its adoption of "participating insurance," or that system by which the patrons of the Company are made to participate in the profits of the business to a very large extent, without, however, becoming in any degree, or under any circumstances, liable for its losses. This system, as applied to fire insurance, was new, and was introduced in its full and complete form by that Company, at a time when its success was doubted by almost every fire underwriter, by whom it was considered, chiefly on the ground that while it secured to the customer all the advantages proposed by the old "purely mutual system," it exempted him from all the perils and annoyances of that system, or, in other words, the plan seemed to have been conceived almost entirely in the interest of the customer, and without adequate compensation to the stockholder for the risks assumed by him. For the better understanding of this very important matter, we state in brief the plan of the Continental's operations:

The Company started off with a paid-up cash capital of $500,000, contributed by the most substantial merchants and capitalists of this and other cities. This large sum formed a guarantee fund for the absolute security of those who were to hold the Company's policies. Of the net earned proceeds of the business, (all losses and expenses deducted,) the stockholders were to receive *one* quarter, while the remaining *three* quarters were to be retained as the exclusive property of the customers, or those of them who might not prefer, in consideration of a small discount from the regular premium, a policy which excluded them from any participation in the profits.

True, the stockholders were to receive in addition to the one-fourth of the profits, lawful interest, 7 per cent. per annum, on the capital contributed by them, but inasmuch as said capital was to be invested in bonds and mortgages, where it would earn that 7 per cent., it is clear that such arrangement could not cost the Company anything. Then it was provided that the portions of profits belonging to the customers should be held by the Company, invested in the same manner as the capital was; that certificates on scrip should be issued to each customer for his share of the profits, in proportion to the amount of his payments for premium during the year, and an annual interest of 6 per cent. be paid to him on the amount of his scrip so held and invested by the Company, until the aggregate amount of the profits belonging to the customer, and represented by scrip, should accumulate to an amount equal to the capital, $500,000, when all further accumulations in excess of the $500,000 should be used to redeem the scrip, commencing with that first issued—each class, stockholders and customers, thereby becoming about equal owners in the Company's assets, and of course equally interested in its stability and prosperity, and in the uprightness and punctuality of its dealings. This point reached, what system of business could more beautifully illustrate that reciprocal principle so indispensable in all *fair business transactions*, which men have in so many ways fruitlessly sought to establish, and which is commonly known as the *mutual principle?* By the Continental's system, ascertaining by careful experience what rate of premium on risks will suffice to cover the largest average line of losses which can reasonably be expected, (and anything less would undeniably be unsafe for insurer and insured,) the business proceeds, and the Company purchases for the customer entire exemption from all danger on the score of the Company's losses, by paying the small consideration of one quarter of the profits in cash to the stockholders, who assume all ultimate losses, while the customer holds sufficient interest in the Company's property to prevent indifference on his part in the care of his premises, and imprudence on the part of his neighbor, so far as he can control the matter. Hence it appears at a glance that by each year of successful business, the position of both stockholder and customer is rendered more and more safe. We copy from the Company's last annual statement that portion which exhibits the steady onward progress of its business, and its condition at the close of its fiscal year, June 30, 1863, which to us is a proof of the good result of a system as nearly perfect as anything in existence, to commercial interests:

Business of the year ending

	Premium received.	Net assets.	Dividends to customers.
July 1, 1856	$130,563 35	$570,363 43	
" 1857	182 556 62	649,719 54	33⅓ per cent.
" 1858	191,685 37	751,908 52	50 "
" 1859	261,655 67	889,167 47	50 "
" 1860	290,106 62	978,473 84	45 "
" 1861	307,489 57	1,044,947 96	35 "
" 1862	295,908 42	1,094,023 35	40 "
" 1863	344,251 63	1,251,624 14	50 "

The above statement conveys the strongest possible assurance of a faithful adherence to the principle on which the Continental's business is professed to be conducted, and must therefore be accepted as conclusive proof of the soundness and success of the system, while the position attained by the Company affords unmistakable evidence of the prudence and wisdom with which its affairs have been managed, and thus commands the confidence and patronage of all who desire insurance.

MONEY MARKET.

The superabundance of capital is so great, and so constantly increasing beyond the means of employing it, that it runs into the best kind of securities with such power as to carry them up. There are no securities better than the leading bank stocks, which are yielding increased dividends, to the level of which the stocks have not yet risen. The banks hold very large amounts of Government securities, which bring in large interest returns, while the principal has increased largely in value. All Government securities are favorites, and are strongly upheld, notwithstanding the absurd croakings of a portion of the press. The 5-20's cannot be supplied sufficiently fast for the subscribers, and many are bought in the open market from dealers. So long as the demand continues so brisk, it can hardly be supposed that the Treasurer will hold back the supply until the extent of his power is exhausted. Other stocks are buoyant, chiefly from the excess of money beyond the demand, and the necessity imposed on the "shorts" to buy in order to make good their contracts. The speculation is strong, and holders are firm and expectant of higher prices. The public, however, confine themselves to Government stocks, and this is decidedly the best course to take by investors; for the Government can give the best security, pay the best interest, in the steadiest manner. Stocks that yield no dividends are and ought to be steadily avoided, and left to speculators. Gold has been low all the week until Monday, when it rose to 127.

The export demand has become strong. No less than $1,725,748 was shipped last week, making about four millions in the last two weeks, and $25,343,891 since January 1. The specie in banks has been reduced over two millions, and is now $35,910,227. An amount of $279,680 12 has been just received from California.

The rates of exchange steadily conform to the price of gold, and are based for sterling on 110 to 110⅛ per cent. for gold itself. The quotations on Tuesday are 139 to 140⅛ per cent. for bankers' sixty-day bills on London, and 4.02⅛ to 4.05 per dollar for similar dates on Paris.

The importations of the week are $4,571,646, against exports of produce $2,281,855, showing a large excess of imports. The imports have increased, while the exports have fallen off. The harvest in Europe bids fair to be large this season, after a succession of three bad years; so that prices in Europe are falling. Hence the less advantage to our shippers of grain.

The bank returns for the week show a large increase in the volume of the daily exchanges, which is owing to the large transactions in stocks. The loans have been slightly reduced, and stand at $173,036,336, while the deposits have increased $814,005. The reduction in the stock of specie is $2,344,200. The bank circulation is without change of moment, but keeps declining. The large amount of the deposits, $164,133,549, which are a demand liability, as well as the circulation, is only nine millions less than the loans. The banks do not report how much legal tender currency they hold, which is quite as important as gold, being the immediate resource against demand liabilities. Since the Government issues are a legal tender, the banks ought to show their hand in the amount held by them. There is little doing in country bank-bill issues, and the circulation of these is fast diminishing, giving way to the greenbacks, which are preferred everywhere. Compared with last year, our city banks have increased their loans $23,000,000, while the deposits in bank have run up $31,500,000; the circulation has been diminished $3,000,000. The specie is larger by $2,900,000. The condition of the banks is sound. Money rates are lower to first-class houses; 5 to 6 per cent. are the quotations for call loans on unexceptionable collaterals, and 7 per cent. to the speculative firms. Business paper is scarce and in demand at 5¾ to 6¾ per cent, for short dates. The amount of the public debt on the 1st July, as exhibited by the books of the Treasury, is reported at $1,097,274,365 99, which is less by $25,000,000 than the estimate of the Secretary of the Treasury made last December. The amount of U. S. notes issued is $387,646,588, of which $376,489,500 is in circulation, and the postal or fractional currency is $20,192,466—together, $376,721,056 Government bill circulation paying no interest, being a legal tender. The amount of the temporary loans is $28,059,295 69, at 4 per cent., and $70,814,638 91, at 5 per cent.—repayable on ten days' notice, but which is not likely to be called, in the present plethora of money.

DRY GOODS.

There is a growing activity, especially in the market for woolen goods. City jobbers and clothiers are buying, and there are many buyers on here from New Orleans and the Western states making considerable selections of goods for the fall and winter trade. Cotton standard goods are firm and advancing in price. Prints are in fair request. Jobbers are selling at one cent below the commission houses. Printing cloths are firmer. Brown and bleached sheetings and shirtings are very firm, and holders are in expectation of getting higher prices next month. We notice no change in stripes, ticks, denims, or ginghams. In woolens the chief demand is for fancy cassimeres of the best and most desirable styles, which are selling in large bills both for city and country consumption, including New Orleans. Prices are very steady. Doeskins are in quiet regular demand. The domestic makes and styles of these goods, as well as coatings, are gaining on the foreign fabrics and superseding them. Beavers are more ready of sale, and jobbers are buying freely. Satinets are dull comparatively. We notice more activity in delaines. The terms of sale are now almost exclusively for cash. Credit is dispensed with, consequently profits are certain, while the prices are remunerative, the demand for goods being sufficient to take up the supplies as they come forward. Broadcloths are quiet, with a small regular demand. In the favorite styles of fancy cassimeres we observe the demand is mostly for dark colors and mixtures. Some fancy drabs are being made to meet a temporary demand, which at present are readily taken. In foreign goods there is little doing. The importations last week were larger than previously, but are not yet freely offered. Black silks are the chief article of foreign goods selling. The new importations consist of linens, silks, worsteds, and woolens for men's use. There is an increase in the demand for Irish linens, and prices are higher, the stock being light. The value of last week's imports of dry goods is $1,845,589, of which $265,040 is for worsteds, $248,929 for silks, $220,237 for woolens, $175,955 for linens. The course of prices depends on the price of gold, and gold this week is tending up again, though slightly.

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MERCHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, July 29.

The following are the wholesale net cash prices of all the leading styles of domestic dry goods sold in the New York market. It is confidently believed that this weekly information, specially reported to *The Independent*,—and to no other newspaper in the city,—is worth, to every dry goods merchant, ten times the subscription price of the paper.

PRINTS.

Merrimac	20	Richmond	19
Cocheco	20	American	18
Pacific	19	Amoskeag	17
Sprague's	19	Lowell	17
Dunnell's	17	Dutchess B	16
Manchester	17	Fancy Brands, from	11@12

GINGHAMS.

Clinton	23	Glasgow	21
Lancaster	22	Manchester	18

BROWN SHEETINGS.

Lawrence	32	Perkins, D	3/4 21
Stark	4/4 32	Globe	3/4 22
Appleton	4/4 32	Old Dominion	3/4 26
Medford	4/4 30	Pepperell, E	27
Indian Head	3/4 25	" R	25
"	4/4 32	" O	23
Massachusetts	3/4 21	" N	21
"	4/4 26	Great Falls, M	—
Tremont	3/4 21	" K	—
"	4/4 26	" I	—
Cabot, A	4/4 32	Indian Orchard, C	25
Atlantic N	3/4 18	" N	26
" K	4/4 22	" BB	22
" A	4/4 32	" L	19
Amoskeag	4/4 32	" W	21
Laconia, H	4/4 32	Boat Mills, H	16
Shawmut	4/4 32	" O	22
Amory	4/4 32	Bartlett, 36 inch	—
Carrol	4/4 32	" 40 "	—
Salmon Falls	4/4 32	Dwight, I	21
Agawan, F	4/4 24	Bates, D	30
Gilboa	4/4 21	Portsmouth, F	15
Ozark	4/4 32	Naumkeag, S	—
Thames River	4/4 16		

BLEACHED GOODS.

New York Mills	4/4 40	Dwight	4/4 25
Wamsutta	4/4 35	Bay Mills	4/4 30
Bates	4/4 30	Warregan	7/8 22
White Rock	4/4 30	"	4/4 25
Lonsdale	4/4 28	Waltham, X	— 22
Hills Semper Idem	7/8 26	Aurora	7/8 17
" "	4/4 28	"	4/4 22
Bartletts	7/8 24	Androscoggin	7/8 26
"	4/4 26	"	4/4 30
James Mills	7/8 24	Red Bank	7/8 20
"	4/4 26	"	4/4 25
Williamsville	4/4 30	Hamilton, Q	3/4 15
Dwight	7/8 22	Portsmouth, P	3/4 15

DENIMS.

Amoskeag	42	Otis	37
York	40	Jewett City	31
Manchester	35	Providence	22
Eagle	35	Falls	20
Oxford	35		

STRIPED SHIRTINGS.

Amoskeag	42	Whittenton	24
York	40	Uncasville	20
Jewett City	35	Falls	23

TICKS.

Amoskeag, A. C. A	65	York, 32 inch	52
" A	60	Hamilton, Regular	42
" B	50	" D	35
" C	45	Pemberton, XL	35
" D	40	" AA	50
York, 30 inch	48	Falls	34

CORSET JEANS.

Amoskeag	28	Indian Orchard	20
Laconia	28	Androscoggin	20
Bates	20	Pepperell	26

BROWN DRILLS.

Amoskeag	35	Massachusetts	32
Salmon Falls	32	Indian Head	32

LAWNS.

Pacific, 1,200	15	Pacific, 1,400	16

DE LAINES.

Manchester, Dark	25	Hamilton, Dark	25
Pacific, Dark	35		

CARPETS.

Lowell, 3 Ply	$1 80	Crowley's Pat. Tapestry	
" Super	1 22	" Brussels	$1 55@1 65
" Medium	1 13	New Engl'd Pat.	1 45@1 50
Imperial, 3 Ply	1 45	Empire Mills	82
" Super	1 25	Belgrade	85
" Medium	1 15	Ingrain	60@75
Hanford, Extra 3 Ply	1 55		

The market closes firm, with decided upward tendency.

REVIEW OF THE CATTLE MARKET.

REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.

TUESDAY, July 28, 1863.

TOTAL RECEIPTS OF CATTLE OF ALL KINDS FOR THE WEEK.

According to the reports from the several market-places in the city, there have been received this week:

	Beeves.	Cows.	Veals.	Sheep or Lambs.	Swine.
At Allerton's	4,880	21	317	366	....
At Browning's	256	30	124	3,700	....
At O'Brien's	34	42	81	3,196	....
At Chamberlin's	31	26	78	3,666	....
Sold at Weehawken	50	....	....	....	....
Sold at Bergen, N. J.	300	....	....	....	....
Sold to Butchers direct	80	....	....	....	....
Total	5,331	119	600	11,047	11,300
Do. last week	5,188	92	466	10,231	7,224
Increase	143	27	134	816	4,076
Decrease	....	....	....	....	....
Average No. per week last year	4,818	101	574	9,339	21,664

BEEVES FROM DIFFERENT STATES.

M. Allerton & Co., proprietors of the Washington Drove-Yards, Forty-fourth street, report the cattle in market from the following states and Canada:

New York, 378; Pennsylvania, 30; Ohio, 776; Indiana, 488; Illinois, 2,672; Kentucky, 129; Iowa, 110.

STOCK BY RAILROAD, ETC.

They also report Beeves and other stock received by Railroad, etc., as follows:

	Beeves.	Cows.	Veals.	Sheep or Lambs.	Swine.
By the Erie R. R.	1,665	....	....	....	3,415
Hudson River R. R.	1,252	....	....	....	6,020
Harlem R. R.	795	31	317	366	....
Cam. and Amboy R. R.	....	....	....	....	....
By Hudson River Boats	352	....	....	....	....
On foot	42	....	....	....	....
New Jersey Cent'l R. R.	474	....	....	....	1,865

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT 44th STREET.

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	None.	None.
Extra	11¾@11¾	11¾@12
First quality	10 @10¾	10¾@11
Second quality	9 @